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DECLARATION AGAINST ILLITERACY.

Address to the people of North Carolina, by Conference of Educators, held in the Governor's office in Raleigh, February 13th, 1902—The names of the signers.

Profoundly convinced of the prophetic wisdom of the declaration of the fathers, made at Halifax in 1776, that "Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged;" and cognizant of the full meaning of that recent constitutional enactment which debars from the privilege of the suffrage, after 1908, all persons who cannot read and write; and relying on the patriotism and foresight of North Carolinians to deal with a great question which vitally concerns the material and social welfare of themselves and their posterity, we, in an educational conference assembled in the city of Raleigh, this February 13, 1902, are moved to make the following declaration of educational facts and principles:

1. Today, more fully than at any other time in our past history, do North Carolinians recognize the overshadowing necessity of

universal education in the solution of those problems which a free government must solve in perpetuating its existence.

2. No free government has ever found any adequate means of universal education except in free public schools, open to all, supported by the taxes of all its citizens, where every child regardless of condition in life or circumstances of fortune, may receive that opportunity for training into social service which the constitutions of this and other great States and the age demand.

3. We realize that our State has reached the constitutional limit of taxation for the rural schools, that she has made extra appropriations to lengthen the terms of these schools to 80 days in the year. We realize, too, that the four months' term now provided is inadequate, for the reason that more than 20,000,000 children of school age in the United States outside of North Carolina are now provided an average of 145 days of school out of every 365; that the teachers of these children are paid an average salary of \$48 a month, while the teachers of the children of North Carolina are paid hardly \$25 a month, thus securing for all the children of our sister States more efficient training for the duties of life. And we realize that, according to the latest census report and the report of the U. S. Commissioner of Education, for every man, woman and child of its population, the country at large is spending \$2.83 for the education of its children, while North Carolina is spending barely 67 cents; that the country at large is spending on an average of \$20.29 for every pupil enrolled in its public schools, while North Carolina is spending only \$3 or \$4, the smallest amount expended by any State in the Union. And still further do we realize that the average amount spent for the education of every child of school age in the United States is approximately \$9.50. while North Carolina is spending \$1.78.

These facts should arouse our pride and our patriotism, and lead us to inquire whether the future will not hold this generation responsible for the perpetuation of conditions that have resulted in the multiplicity of small school districts, inferior school houses, poorly

paid teachers, and necessarily poor teaching; that have resulted in twenty white illiterates out of every 100 white population over ten years of age; in generally poor and poorly paid supervision of the expenditure of our meagre school funds and of the teaching done in our schools; and, finally, in that educational indifference which is the chief cause of the small average daily attendance of about 50 pupils out of every 100 enrolled in our public schools.

We believe the future will hold us responsible for the perpetuation of these unfavorable conditions, and, therefore, we conceive it to be the patriotic, moral, and religious duty of this generation of North Carolinians to set about in earnest to find the means by which our children can receive that education which will give them equal opportunities with the children of other sections of our common country.

4. Viewing our educational problems and conditions in the light of educational history and experience, we declare it to be our firm conviction that the next step forward for North Carolina, in education, is to provide more money for her country public schools, making possible the consolidation of small school districts, the professional teacher, and skilled supervision of the expenditure of all school funds and of the teaching done in the schools.

The history of the adoption of the principle of local self-help by our 35 graded school towns and cities must surely be an inspiration and an example to every village and rural community in North Carolina. Those towns and cities have adopted the only means at hand for the adequate education of their children. In adopting this principle, local taxation, they secured: first, adequate school funds; second, competent supervision; third, skilled teachers. Lacking any one of this educational trinity no community has ever yet succeeded in establishing the means of complete education for its children.

Those 35 towns and cities within our borders have followed the lead of other sections of the United States in adopting first the means of education, local taxation. The fact that 69 per cent. of

the total school fund of this Union is now raised by local taxes, while North Carolina raises only 14 per cent. of her funds by that means, and lags behind all her sister States in every phase of public education, has both its lessons and its warnings.

5. Remembering that in the last year nearly thirty communities in North Carolina, some of them distinctly rural, have adopted the principle of local taxation for schools, we think this time most auspicious to urge a general movement of all our educational forces in that direction, and, therefore, we appeal to all patriotic North Carolinians, men and women, who love their State, and especially that part of their State which is worth more than all its timber, lands, mines, and manufacturing plants, to band themselves together under the leadership of our "Educational Governor" and the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, aided by the Southern Education Board, to carry forward the work of local taxation and better schools, to the end that every child within our borders may have the opportunity to fit himself for the duties of citizenship and social service.

And, finally, heartily believing in the Christlikeness of this work of bringing universal education to all the children of North Carolina, we confidently rely on the full co-operation of all the churches of the State whose work is so near the hearts of all the people, and, therefore appeal to the pulpit to inculcate the supreme duty of universal education.

Charles B. Aycock, Governor of North Carolina; T. F. Toon, Superintendent of Public Instruction; John Duckett; Charles D. McIver, President State Normal and Industrial College; F. P. Venable, President University of North Carolina; George T. Winston, President College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts; Charles E. Taylor, President Wake Forest College; Edwin Mims, Trinity College; Henry Louis Smith, President Davidson College; Chas. H. Mebane, President Catawba College; J. O. Atkinson, Elon College; T. D. Bratton, President St. Mary's College; R. T. Vann, President Baptist Female

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CITIZEN RESPONSIBILITIES OF SOUTHERN WOMEN.

MRS. JOHN VANLANDINGHAM.

Address delivered before the students of the State Normal and Industrial College
February 21, 1902.

Mr. President, Faculty, and Students of the State Normal and Industrial College :

It is a privilege to visit this institution. It is to me a great pleasure better to know you, the instructors, who have so devotedly labored for the higher education and greater independence of the women of North Carolina. As young Rasselas hoped "by drinking at the fountains of knowledge to quench the thirst for curiosity," so have these young ladies, Mr. President, shown their faith in you, and justified your faith in them by coming in numbers, that their pitchers for thought may be filled at this first deep well of instruction provided for them by their native State.

A part of this student body represents those noble counties along our historic eastern shore; another portion belongs to our great middle section; and still another claims for its home our beautiful mountainous west. But from whatever direction you have come, young ladies, and whatever proportion each representation bears to the whole, I feel quite sure that the common denominator that brings each fraction to an equality of thought and work is the all pervading desire for education, development and usefulness.

Although I deem it an honor to be invited to address you, yet I come not, as have many who have stood before you, to offer wisdom and precepts attractively dressed in the garbs of poetic fancy; nor to present science, history, literature or travel decorated with the orator's magic graces. I would simply speak to you of some plain, practical matters that concern the women of this State, and our whole Southland, believing that you will listen to my message and perhaps accord to me the leniency that Dean Swift did to our

sex when he said, "A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken plain by a parrot."

For ages woman has been the topic of poets, fools and sages. Sacred writers and heathen have recorded her deeds, paid tribute to her virtues and satirized her vices. As mother, wife, sister, daughter and sweetheart, as charmer and tormentor, she has been portrayed by the greatest minds in every literature. Even as mother-in-law she has furnished the world a target for fun, so serious a writer as Jeremy Taylor stating that when a man's shot missed the mark but hit his mother-in-law, it was not altogether unfortunate.

But it is in none of these characters that we shall now discuss woman. Neither shall we view her historically, tracing her influence on the world from its earliest ages; nor make a psychological study of her mentality and emotions; nor even think of her rights politically. We will simply consider the

CITIZEN RESPONSIBILITIES OF SOUTHERN WOMEN, first, as representatives of a section; second, as citizens of a State; and third, as members of society.

That heredity and environment are the dominant forces in every life no one will deny. Science and literature discuss each philosophically. The modern psychological novel and the popular drama portray the gradual development of characters as they yield to or combat these dual influences, while the student of nature sees living examples of their power everywhere.

The effect of environment in overcoming heredity is everywhere an interesting problem; and the influence of native characteristics in controlling surroundings has been one of the distinctive traits of the Aryan race as westward civilization has taken its course. But nature is constantly asserting herself, and for long periods she dominates both sections and individuals. "With animate and inanimate life she shows an endless combination and repetition of a very few laws." She illustrates with infinite variety the well-known verse :

Take the bright shell from its home on the lea,
Where e'er it goes it will sing of the sea;
So take the fond heart from home and its hearth,
It will sing of its home to the end of the earth.

According to this law of adaptation there is nothing more evident than that countries, and even sections of countries, produce the people best suited to them. Of course there are advantages to be derived from migration and immigration, from travel and intercourse, but there still remain distinctive traits to the occupants of each corner of the globe. "Suppose," says a philosopher, "an African were to exchange with an Esquimaux what would be the consequences to both? Put a Frenchman in Ireland, or a Norwegian in Italy, and the measures of generations would end in misfits."

The lesson then for the women of the South to learn is that they are made for their own dear Southland, and perhaps each for her own especial State and locality. My friends, destiny has made of you and me Southern women, North Carolinians. Let us appreciate it. Yea, let us rejoice in it! If this be accepted as a legacy of the ages, or as a dispensation of Providence, it will arouse a responsibility of citizenship akin to the noblest patriotism. It will awaken a consciousness of obligation to one's own section, to one's State and to one's immediate locality. Each individual orbit may not be so wide perhaps as fancy would choose, but each can be ennobled by the endeavor to make the most of its opportunities.

Every age is the preparation for the next. Every generation finds obligations ready made and responsibilities waiting. Let us see if we find any for Southern women at the opening of the twentieth century.

The highest citizenship is not only critical, but exacting. It appeals to the conscience. That there is an obligation of private citizenship is as obvious as that there is a political or military one. But can it devolve upon woman? Most assuredly; for patriotism consists not alone in army and naval service; in statesmanship and

law-making; in simple compliance to statutes; but in every act that is born of love of country and a desire to advance its interest, its safety and its honor. The South has not needed, nor does it wish, its women to interfere with its politics or its government; but it does expect them to sustain its reputation, preserve its history and impart its traditions. It does expect them to train their sons into its ideals of manhood, and their daughters into its ideals of womanhood, and to make of themselves the very best exponents of their section that their heredity and environment will permit. The effort to do these partakes not of narrow, sectional pride, nor of personal conceit: it is but the laudable desire to utilize the forces in each life to the highest aims. "She hath done what she could," was the divine certificate of conduct that carried with it no censure for the limitations of talents or sex, nor slight for the value of service. It was, and is, a glorious commendation of womanly effort.

This Southland has a reputation for the lovely types of womanhood it has produced, and for the refined society it has developed. This reputation must be sustained by the women of the present day, if the past is not to be as a closed book, or the future a cheap edition of it. Rather let it be made an improved copy which shall retain all that was gentle, beautiful, modest and true of the old South, but be illuminated with the art, learning and practical progress of the new—an *edition de luxe* of the period.

This is an aspiration and not a fancy. The South since the Civil War has exhibited heroism among its women as well as among its men. Brave ones have arisen to the situation. They have battled with adverse circumstances in their efforts to sustain the traditions of their land for hospitality, for refinement and for modesty, amid poverty, new lines of labor and new demands upon timid natures. The struggle has involved the personal working out of each problem of fate, but it has ended in the extension of woman's influence into many of the avenues of labor. The offices, the shops, the colleges and professions have not suffered by woman's presence; let us see to it that Southern womanhood loses nothing by the inva-

sion; that heredity continues to overcome the tendencies of new environments.

Accepting then the responsibility of sustaining the old Southern type of womanhood with its purity, dignity, gentleness and refinement, and to it adding the practical qualities demanded by the age, as well as the business knowledge and high culture now offered to the sex; without also a masculinity, an assurance, a loudness, and a "new woman" arrogance, we may then consider other obligations upon Southern women.

First, there is an individual responsibility to one's State. This can show itself in many ways, for it stimulates and it restrains. It realizes that every applause and every censure reflect themselves; that every honor is a common glory and every disgrace a common hurt. The acts of a few fast girls may subject many to suspicion, and do often injure the good name of an institution, or of a community; while the success of one in any career—let it be in scholarship, literature, the arts or the professions—becomes the possession and pride of a whole State. This continuity of influence can be traced in the smallest act. To do well the simplest thing expands labor into the domain of art, and makes of the laborer, not only an example and silent teacher, but a public benefactor. Even the modest housekeeper, whose front yard adds beauty to the street, and whose back premises make a picture of tidiness, gives not only pleasure, but lessons in taste, order and hygiene to every passer-by, besides increasing the desirability of real estate in her locality. The neat school-girl reflects credit upon her home and neighborhood as well as upon her school and self; the studious one is a pride to her institution, to her family and to her community. The maker of a perfect home is a noble citizen. When Lycurgus was advised to attempt a reform in government, he replied, "Go try it in thine own household." Thus did he quietly testify to the dignity of the home, and to the influence of private effort upon public conditions.

Perhaps if this citizen responsibility were considered by all our

women in their conduct, dress, conversation and accomplishments, as well as in all forms of work, it would transport each from the fields of egotism, vanity and self-interest into that of unselfish patriotism. Each woman would feel that she is in some measure a representative and not an independent illustrator of her own whims and fancies. Each would realize that she lives not for herself, nor unto herself, nor even for her family alone, but necessarily, whether she wills it or not, she is an exponent, and by her, to a degree, her State must and will be judged.

Then there is a local community responsibility; for life generally includes society somewhere, and society everywhere is largely what women make it. Whether in cities, schools or country neighborhoods the tone of society is simply the effect of component parts. Each person is responsible for his or her part, and also for the support given to others. Yet nothing is more common than to hear criticisms of society from those who are its members, but who renounce their obligations. They condemn but make no effort to correct. If society is cultured or dull, extravagant or discreet, decorous or fast, stimulative to high aims or discouraging, or anything it ought to be or not to be, it is but the combined influence of its members. Each in some way contributes to that condition. Each exerts more influence than one is conscious of or will readily admit. All of us shun the query, "What do *I* contribute to it?" Of course positive and pronounced influence is most readily exercised by co-operation; yet even a few thoughtful minds may wield a moral baton that almost imperceptibly guides the tone of society. Ovid said to his friend, "We two are a multitude;" thus tersely did he express the potency of limited combined effort, while Emerson even more forcibly told the power of personal influence by asserting that "Every institution is but the lengthened shadow of one man."

What is society anyway, my friends? A dictionary will define it as a community of individuals who are associated for an object, or who are united by a common bond. Every one will assent to that

being the motive of most business, religious, philanthropic and professional associations. But some cynic will say, "Pshaw! society, the real social element everywhere, is the intercourse of idle people for diversion, entertainment and ostentation." But a true philosopher will discover that, "society is—and always has been—the epitome of the thought and tendencies of a period." It is an index of a people and of an age, and as such takes its place in all philosophical history. It must be studied as a part of a nation's life, of a State's development, and of a locality's condition. We may take a review of the nations of the earth from the earliest periods and find in social conditions many causes for political events. We can see in the luxury and dissoluteness of social Rome just cause for a weakness that preceded a fall; in the extravagance and licentiousness of people governed by weak monarchs and loose courts the unconscious preparations that presaged loss of power and territory. We may trace the development and greatness of nations through social simplicity, and their downfall through social demoralization. Trevelyan, in his "American Revolution," illustrates this by paying a beautiful tribute to the society of the American colonies—how it fitted them for conquest—while he forcibly contrasts England of the same period. Of the latter, he says, "How they drank and gamed; what scandalous modes of life they led themselves or joyously condoned in others; what they spent and owed, and whence they drew the vast sums of money by which they fed extravagance, may be found in a hundred histories and memoirs, dramas, novels and satires." It is therefore fit that women, who so largely compose society, should at times stop to think what it is recording, what are its tendencies and what their own responsibilities. They are obliged to feel responsible to their country for the quiet history which, as members of society, they constantly are helping to make. Southern women know that when a philosophical study of the old South shall be made, woman's influence will not be forgotten, nor her conduct during the Civil War be ignored; that when the period immediately succeeding it shall be

justly recorded, her position and the manner in which she adapted herself to new conditions will assuredly be considered. Let us hope that when the new South and the future of this great section shall be painted by some master delineator, upon the canvas will be our statesmen, soldiers and heroes; our men of gifts and attainments in science, art and literature; our movers in industrial progress and material development—the many representatives of Southern achievements; but amid them all will be a central figure which shall illustrate society—a beautiful woman, bearing upon her forehead the impress of a fine ancestry, and in her face and form portraying dignity, modesty, culture and independence; the embodiment of the old traditions and the new development of Southern womanhood—the social power of home and country!

It has been said that the true object of society, as distinguished from isolation, is the seeking in others what is needed in one's self, a union of parts to make a whole, the result being closer friendships, congenial associations and mutual helpfulness; and when it fails in these it is false whether it be royal or plebeian. Tully observes that "friendship improves happiness and abates misery by doubling joy and dividing grief." There then is society's mission in an apothegm, from its wedding reception to its visit of condolence. Social intercourse without this friendly helpfulness is insipid, if not hurtful. Even marriage that is not a helpful union is a social failure. The whole animal world is conscious of degrees of parental affection and affinity of sex, but mankind enjoys almost a monopoly of friendship. "*Lamitié est l'amour sans anges.*"

Coleridge in a letter to Dean Stanley said, "Whoever sets a right value on the events of his life for good or evil, will agree that next in importance to the rectitude of his own conduct and the selection of his partner for life, and far beyond all the wealth and honors which may reward his labors, far even beyond the unspeakable gift of bodily health, are the friendships which he forms in youth." The high aim then of society should be the formation of companionships and friendships that shall act as inspirations to

noble endeavor. This can be accomplished in schools, or in country neighborhoods as well as in villages and cities, for society everywhere exists in limited circles. Even books of classical worth are but the society of those friends of mankind who through print exert personal influences upon circles and circles ever increasing. Truly "a friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature."

Isolation usually destroys ambition, while contact with others stimulates emulation. If then friends encourage and modern good society demands the education of women, it may be asked what are the opportunities for their culture? These perhaps are greater today than ever before in the history of woman's education. They perhaps are greater in America than in any other country. You, young ladies, will recall that the popular Frenchman, Max O'Rell, said, that if he were asked to suggest a new coat of arms for the United States, he would propose an intelligent young woman under the protection of an eagle, with the motto, "*Place Aux Dames*," honor to the ladies, or in freer translation, "Make way for the Women." He also said, "I have spent three years of my life traveling from New York to San Francisco, from British Columbia to Louisiana. If there is an impression that becomes a deeper and deeper conviction every time that I return to this country, it is that the most interesting woman in the world is the American woman. Allowed from the tenderest age almost every liberty, accustomed to take the others, she is free, easy, perfectly natural, with the consciousness of her influence, her power; able by her intelligence and education to enjoy all the intellectual pleasures of life, and by her keen powers of observation and her native adaptability to fit herself for all the conditions of life. There is not in the world a woman to match her in a drawing-room. There she stands among the women of all nationalities, a *silhouette bien decoupee*, herself a queen."

Rudyard Kipling with less enthusiasm but with good English candor says: "Sweet and comely are the maidens of Dovenshire; delicate and gracious seeming those who live in the pleasant places of London; fascinating for all their demureness the damsels of

France; excellent to those who understand her, the Anglo-Indian; but the girls of America are above and beyond them all. They are clever, they can talk, yea, it is said that they can think! They are original and superbly independent. When you ask them what makes them so charming they say, "It is because we are better educated than your girls, and we are more sensible in regard to men. We aren't taught to regard every man as a possible husband nor is he expected to marry the first girl he calls on regularly." They are indulged but when a crash comes, each gives up her carriage and her maid and with a No. 2 Remington and a stout heart sets about earning her daily bread."

Note please, young ladies, that it is education, independence and adaptability that these traveled foreigners observe as distinctive characteristics of the charming girls of our great country. It is to offer to Southern girls greater opportunities for education, independence and adaptability that institutions like the State Normal and Industrial College have been established. Our State has shown a consciousness of her responsibility to her citizen-daughters. It is for you to prove a consciousness of the responsibility of citizenship to your mother State! Here you may learn that refinement and labor are not incompatible; here realize that "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths," and that she most lives, "who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best." Here you are encouraged to

"Work for some good, be it ever so slowly,
Cherish some aim, be it ever so lowly,
Labor, all labor is noble and holy."

Charles Wagner says, "Work is the great liberator, the peace-maker, the consoler. Love the work and do it for the love." Mr. Talmage in his characteristic style, when he would portray the charms of work and the horrors of sloth, describes a pool covered with a green scum. He says to it, "Thou fetid thing, why is this?" The pool replies, "I have nothing to do. Yonder

stream sings on its way down the mountain side turning the wheels of industry, while here I am dissatisfied, accursed, because I have nothing to do."

The emancipation of the slaves in the South was the liberation of many of our women to various forms of labor. They learned first that domestic work was no dishonor. The loss of property necessitated an independence that was willing to earn a living by any honorable employment. The later opening to them of the higher colleges and universities, those established for women and those formerly for men alone, have given them greater opportunities for education and for the practical knowledge that shall fit them for self-support. This is obliged to be felt in the stronger minds, more forceful characters and more intellectual work of another generation. Let us hope that this institution, and others like it, shall rejoice in the results to the State, to Southern womanhood and to Southern achievement.

Outside of colleges, the opportunities for culture are greater than at any period of the world's history. Free libraries, museums and art galleries; the quickness and comparative cheapness of travel; the moderate price of books, magazines and newspapers; and the courses of study offered by summer schools, clubs and societies, simply make culture a matter of choice. Sidney Smith when writing of woman's education at a period when little was attempted in that line, even by nobility or royalty, said, "The instruction of women improves the stock of national talents and employs more minds for the instruction and amusement of the world. It increases the pleasures of society, by multiplying the topics upon which the sexes take common interest, and makes marriage an intercourse of understanding as well as of affection. The education of women favors public morals, it provides for every season of life, and leaves a woman when she is stricken by the hand of time, not as she now is, destitute of everything and neglected by all, but with the full power and splendid attractions of knowledge, diffusing the elegant pleasures of polite literature and receiving the just

homage of learned and accomplished men." What do you imagine this learned wit would have thought of the opportunities American women now have for preparing for old age?

May we not hope that the opportunities for the education of Southern women may bring forth even more permanent results? During the past two decades the South has produced a creditable number of successful women authors. Charles Egbert Craddock and her sister, Miss Murfree, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Mrs. Spencer, Grace King, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. McGlasson, Mrs. Platt, Mrs. McAfee, Julia Magruder, Elizabeth Bisland, Miss Seawell, Amelie Rives, and her cousin, Hallie Ermine Rives, Miss Glasgow, Winnie Davis, S. O. H., Miss Fries, Miss Stockard, and Miss Johnston have lengthened the list of women writers, which more than twenty years ago was honorably headed by Augusta Evans, Mrs. Mary Bayard Clark, Christian Ried, Mrs. Fanny Barrow and Marion Harland. The South still has much to be told. The colonial history of several of our States is a large background for romance and song. Will not more Mary Johnstons delineate the period? Civil War incidents are waiting to be pictured by poets, historians, dramatists and painters. Who will dedicate themselves to the work inspired by true patriotism?

North Carolina would gladly see well portrayed by pen or by brush the very first landing of Anglo-Saxons upon the shores of America, at Roanoke Island, in July, 1584. She would love to have her companion incident to the Boston tea party familiarly known in song and picture, for the destruction of the sloop of war, "Diligence," by the citizens of Wilmington, in 1765, in resistance to the Stamp Act, was, says a historian, "more decided in its character, more daring in its action, more important in its results" than the famous Boston occurrence. North Carolina would love for every citizen of the United States to feel through romance a new interest in the spot where the first blood was shed in America in open resistance to the exactions of foreign rulers and the oppression of English government, at the Battle of Alamance, May, 1771.

She would further rejoice to see pictured on canvas or stone a number of her other notable events, viz: the gathering when was read the first Declaration of Independence from British authority by the people of Mecklenburg, May, 1775; her Caswell receiving the thanks of Congress for gallantry at Moore's Creek, February, 1776, which battle was as important to the fortunes of the Southern colonies as that of Lexington was to those of the East; the Convention at Halifax which passed the resolution, "to concur with the delegates from other colonies in declaring independence, and forming foreign alliances," thus proving that "nearly three months before the act of Congress the whole of North Carolina was ready to break the bonds that bound her to the mother country;" her battle of King's Mountain, which proved the turning point in the fortunes of America; and the Battle of Guilford Court House, which though a retreat, caused Cornwallis to retire to the coast and depart from North Carolina forever. These events are so linked with the nation's history that they deserve not only the valuable historical volumes that have been written by accomplished men, but should be the beginning of a series of historical pictures that could be followed by the portrayal of numerous incidents of bravery and endurance of our North Carolina soldiers during the Civil War, that would be not only valuable to the State, but grandly illustrative of American courage. Will our young women think on these things, prepare themselves for them and undertake them?

A vast population is to be educated through the devotion of teachers; masses are to be uplifted through a liberal educational system. Shall North Carolina be tardy in the work? Shall not you of this noble institution, coming as you do from various corners of our loved State, feel the impulse to prepare yourselves for some department of this progressive work—for literature, for art, for science, for teaching the youth of the land and inspiring it, so that in 1908 there shall not be one white man within the State who will have just arrived at maturity who shall be denied suffrage because he can not read and write; nor a capable girl who is doomed to drudgery because of ignorance?

Young women, the new century has a message for you. It says, "Be homemakers, teachers, writers, musicians, physicians, architects, photographers, insurance agents, commercial helps, specialists in any line where the life does not conflict with modesty. Study the sciences, adopting botany, chemistry, astronomy or mathematics as professions. Women have adorned them, why not North Carolina women? Be whatever your tastes and talents indicate that is honorable and womanly, but aim always to be the best that is possible for you in your chosen field, not only helping yourselves, but placing the name of your grand old State and your loved Southland high on the roll of countries conspicuous for women of education, refinement, independence and adaptability."

I stepped into a large hardware store. It was one hundred and fifty feet long and about thirty feet wide. The shelves to the ceiling, the counters and the floor were crowded with goods. I said, "Please show me what you have in stock of North Carolina invention." The clerk looked amazed, as much so as if I had asked for a round square or a square auger. He said, "We haven't an article here made in this State, and but few invented in the Southern States."

Turn to the back of any magazine and scan its advertisements. They are the bulk of each number. Look at the money-making devices; there they are, from the most ingenious mechanical construction to a simple paddle for killing flies, or a chain to attach to a night key to prevent leaving it in one's front door. We buy them, we use them, and then wait for new offerings to purchase. Do we think of inventing anything ourselves or of making money by it? There is a lesson even for us women. It has been woman's fault, even if her convenience, that so many articles for feminine use have been the inventions of men. If we turn our minds to original thought, to construction, there surely will come some reward for earnest effort. Education, independence and adaptability to work made the admirable equipment of New England in its race for material progress, and its masterful work for the nation. Count de Segur says of its early period, "No useful profession is

the subject of ridicule or contempt. Idleness alone is a disgrace." The literature, the invention and wealth that New England has given to America, prove the value of this combination of education, independence and adaptability.

One more thought and I will release your attention. As Southern women have been distinguished for modesty and gentleness, so have Southern men been noted for generosity and chivalry. Hospitality without ostentation, cordiality without familiarity became notable traits of the colonists, and especially of those of Virginia and the Carolinas, and later of the expanded South. As the respect and deference shown women throughout the South put its stamp upon woman's nature, so her dependence upon and exacting from men encouraged the chivalry for which they were conspicuous. Women are in a large measure responsible for the conduct of the men with whom they associate. Let then no girl of today permit the earning of a living, nor the financial gratification of "the glorious privilege of being independent" relieve her brother of his natural care, nor her lover of his gallantry. Let not her courage in threading her way through crowded streets on foot, bicycle or in buggy, make her indifferent to protection and chaperonage, lest her disposition suffer by too much confidence, her face wear the hardened expression of assurance, and the time come when she shall look for chivalry and find it not: for things when unused, in time cease to exist. Our electric lights, street cars, good roads, modern pavements, tempt women to become independent of escorts, but may not that independence cause in men a neglect of gallant service which shall prove a detriment to their thought as well as to their conduct?

While then sustaining the traditions of the old type of Southern womanhood, and adorning it by new development; while preserving loyalty to the home and homemaking, yet awakening also to the serious responsibilities of citizenship in a great State, and the highest obligations to society, it behooves the women of our land to guard well by requirements that which so long has been and

still is, one of the noblest traits of Southern manhood: its gentlemanly courtesy, high regard for and protecting care of women. "Society is the epitome of the thought and tendencies of a period."

Young ladies, I have spoken to you as individuals who shall each play her part in the social life of some community, first here helping and stimulating each other to high ambitions and preparation for honorable work, and then elsewhere exerting influences to noble ends, the charming representative of your college, your State and your loved Southland.

Thanking you for your attention, I would cheer your ambitious efforts by recalling Goethe's prophecy: "Of whatever one wishes in youth, he has abundance in old age."

DUPLIN COUNTY.

II.

DUPLIN DURING THE REVOLUTION, 1775-1781.

The year 1775 brought to the American people their first actual fears of a terrible war together with their first well defined hopes of ultimate independence. Duplin, as a county, had just passed the twenty-fifth year of its age, and though only one generation had grown to manhood since its organization, yet that generation was ready and eager to perform its duty in the coming conflict. The original inhabitants of the county consisted chiefly of Irish who had no special love for royalty of any kind, and the new generation shared to the fullest extent the views of their fathers. In 1771, when Governor Tryon had marched from New Bern westward to quell the insurrection of the Regulators at Alamance, the Duplin militia refused to join the expedition or take the oath of allegiance prescribed by the Royal Governor, being convinced of the justness of the cause of the Regulators; and only a small company of lighthorse, which was commanded by Captain Bullock, joined the expedition from Duplin.

Already, on the 25th day of August, 1774, the First Provincial Congress of North Carolina had been held at New Bern, where Duplin was represented by William Dickson, Thomas Gray, Thomas Hicks, and James Kenan. In the Second Provincial Congress, which met at Hillsboro on the 21st day of August, 1775, Duplin was represented by Richard Clinton, William Dickson, Thomas Gray, Thomas Hicks, and James Kenan. In the Third Provincial Congress, which met at Halifax on the 4th day of April, 1776, Duplin was represented by William Dickson and Thomas Gray. In the Fourth Provincial Congress, which met at Halifax on the 12th of November, 1776, and which formulated and adopted our first constitution, Duplin was represented by William Dickson,

Thomas Gray, James Gillespie, James Kenan, and William Taylor.

These provincial assemblies in North Carolina, as well as in the other States, were the beginnings of local self-government—the foundation of republicanism—in America. They constituted a breaking away from the old order of things and the establishment of something untried and entirely new. Every step was an experiment fraught with great danger in case of failure. The English authority over the colonies once repudiated, there was no government of any kind; but simply an aggregate of individuals, whose courage and wisdom were to count for more than experience. The Royal Governor, Josiah Martin, in his “fiery proclamation” issued from the *Cruizer* on the Cape Fear, on the 8th of August, 1775, characterized the inhabitants of Duplin as being “betrayed by the seditious artifices of certain traitorous persons,” who were seeking their own interest and aggrandizement, and spoke in the harshest terms of their rebellious conduct against the royal government. Duplin, no doubt, had made its influence felt in its advocacy of self-government in America.

On the 19th of June, 1775, the counties of New Hanover, Brunswick, Bladen, Duplin, and Onslow organized themselves into an association for their mutual protection, and publicly declared Governor Martin to be “an enemy to the happiness of the colony particularly, and to the freedom, rights, and privileges of America in general.” The Committee of Safety for these counties was created, and at its first meeting in Wilmington, on the next day, Duplin was represented by Charles Ward. At a Committee meeting just one month after this, there were present from Duplin James Moore, John James and Alex Outlaw.

When the year 1776 opened, the interest of the entire colony was centered in Wilmington, because the protection of our chief seaport town meant the protection of the State. It was the gateway through which the British were expected, and was the appointed place where the Tories of North Carolina were to join them on their arrival. The Scotch Highlanders west of the Cape Fear, who

were ever loyal to the crown, were assembling in the neighborhood of Cross Creek—now Fayetteville—with the design of uniting with the British army at or near Wilmington and of helping to subjugate the colony. The adjoining counties began at once to furnish assistance to the Cape Fear section, and in February, 1776, Captain Richard Clinton, of Duplin, was dispatched to Wilmington with a company of minute men, and the first news we hear of him after his arrival on the Cape Fear is, that he and his company were chasing down the crew of the Scorpion, who had landed on the east side of the river, and were making it intolerable for the hogs and cattle in the community. The result was satisfactory to the hogs and their owners, and the English crew found it more comfortable on board their vessel, then floating on the waters of the Cape Fear.

The rapid concentration of troops around Wilmington by the Whigs proved their wisdom, and the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge, which soon followed, was fought by men from all the surrounding counties. This battle, which occurred on the morning of the 27th of February, 1776, in New Hanover county, now Pender, was not a battle between the Americans and the English. It was a battle between neighbor and neighbor, between those living in the same community, who were loyal to the crown, and those who were not. The beginning of the revolution was in its nature a civil war; it was a contest for supremacy between those who were willing to sacrifice their lives in defense of the royal government, and those who were willing to purchase their own independence at the same price. The former class expected that every day would bring aid from England, and waited with eager anticipation for its arrival; the latter knew that the opportunity for success would be lost if the Tories were allowed to join the British, and were willing to hasten the issue. The section of North Carolina lying west of the Cape Fear River was settled chiefly by the Scotch Highlanders, who were firm and unchangeable in their devotion to the king; the section lying east of the river was inhabited by the Irish, who were clamor-

ing for independence. It is said of an old Scotch Covenanter that, when a final vote was about to be taken in his ecclesiastical assembly on a doctrinal question, he prayed as follows: "Oh, Lord, grant that we may be right in our deliberations to-day, for Thou knowest we will never change." It was this spirit of fidelity to their convictions that strengthened them in their fight for the crown; but it was met with equal resistance from the Irishman east of the Cape Fear. Duplin sent two hundred militia under Colonel Kenan, who with one hundred and fifty under General Lillington, joined General James Moore of New Havover, on the 19th of February, 1776. Caswell was then marching through Duplin from New Bern with eight hundred men and a trap was being set for the Tories, which was to catch them before they reached Wilmington. On the morning of the 27th, they had been cornered at Moore's Creek Bridge, where the Whigs won one of the most important victories of the Revolution. The reliable accounts of this battle are so meagre that it is difficult to ascertain whether the Duplin militia were actually engaged in the conflict, or whether they remained with General James Moore, who was guarding another place of escape and did not arrive on the ground until the battle was over. There is nothing to contradict or substantially prove either theory. It is a fact that the only Whig killed in the battle was John Grady, of Duplin county, and the most reasonable presumption is that he belonged to the Duplin militia under Colonel Kenan. However, it is not improbable that Grady joined Caswell's army in its march through Duplin. There is a tradition in the family that he belonged to a Captain Love's company, but as to who Captain Love was, and as to the truth of the tradition, the writer will not take the responsibility to say. Duplin furnished the first patriot who gave up his life for the cause in the South after the war had actually begun, and the spot, where John Grady fell, is now marked by a beautiful granite monument, which bears testimony of our people's appreciation of his sacrifice.

A very interesting story has been told of female heroism growing out of the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge, whether true or false, it

has found its place in tradition and in print, until it does not seem proper to disbelieve it. Captain Ezekiel Slocumb, who lived in the edge of Wayne county—originally Duplin and then Dobbs—had joined General Caswell in his march to Moore's Creek, leaving his wife and little child at home. Soon after Mrs. Slocumb had retired on the night of the 26th of February, she dreamed that she saw her husband covered with his overcoat dead upon the battlefield. She, being an expert horse-woman, as were most women of that day, ordered her horse saddled and rode alone through the darkness of the night, following the trail of Caswell's army. Through swamp and forest and thinly settled communities she pressed on for a distance of sixty miles or more, and, at nine o'clock on the next morning, rode upon the battlefield at Moore's Creek, where she discovered a body lying on the ground wrapped in her husband's overcoat, but the body proved to be another than that of her husband—an entire stranger to her. She alighted, dressed his wounds, and was administering to the comfort of the dying John Grady, whose wounded head she bound in silken strips torn from her own cloak, when General Caswell and her astonished husband appeared on the scene. She interceded for the life of the prisoners, attended the wounded Loyalists through the day, and at midnight began her journey homeward, covering a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles within less than forty hours and without an interval of rest. She was hastening to her little babe, Jesse, who in after years became a member of Congress.*

Mrs. Slocumb lived in a magnificent country home, known as "Pleasant Garden," and it is said that on one occasion Colonel Tarleton remarked to her, "After the war is over, what a grand estate this will be for one of our British noblemen," to which she indignantly replied, "Six feet by two, for a grave, is the only part of this estate any Englishman will ever own."

After the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge there no longer remained

*From Mrs. Elliott's "Women of the Revolution."

any doubt as to the reality of the Revolution, and the colonists began to devise means, often drastic in their nature, to crush out the sentiment of Toryism. There was no longer an opportunity to be neutral, and every man was forced to declare his position. There being no well defined system of government, legislation became necessary, and the first General Assembly under the Constitution met at New Bern on the 7th of April, 1777. James Kenan was Duplin's first representative in the Senate, and Richard Clinton and Robert Dickson in the house of Commons: and their first act was to get a law passed putting the county records in the hands of the Justices of the county. On December 24th, 1777, they succeeded in passing a law providing for the building of a prison, a much needed institution in a time of insurrection and rebellion, which was built at the court house, about four miles west of Warsaw, where it remained until 1784.

The chief problem that confronted the people at the beginning of the Revolution was the question of obtaining funds for the purpose of carrying on the war. A new government was trying to get upon its feet, and it had no currency of its own with which to meet its obligations. In those days war taxes were not raised from stamps on deeds and checks as of today, but the tax was placed on women, without whose persistent efforts the battle for independence must have been lost. On May 1st, 1778, the General Assembly allotted to Duplin the duty of furnishing the following articles for the soldiers: 44 hats, 188 yards linen, 88 yards woolen or double-wove cotton cloth, 88 pairs of shoes, and 88 pairs of socks. This is given as a mere illustration of a levy that was repeatedly renewed, and for the purpose of showing that while the soldier was away undergoing the hardships of war, his wife, at home, was anxiously plying the needle and the loom, that she might add something to his comfort and lend a helping hand to the cause he had espoused.

Duplin furnished her quota of troops for the continental army, but the records are too incomplete to ascertain the number furnished, or their history. Besides this, she had her militia ever

ready to be called to service in her own or adjoining counties, and always responded to a call. From the time of the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge to the beginning of the year 1781, there was little excitement in Duplin as she was neither the home of rampant Toryism, nor within the immediate scene of conflict.

About the last of January, 1781, Major Craig arrived in the Cape Fear River and took possession of Wilmington. He at once began to send out parties for the purpose of taking and destroying property, and this conduct carried consternation to the hearts of the inhabitants of the adjoining counties, for they well knew that the ultimate purpose was to bring them to recognize English authority. Within a short while the entire militia of Duplin under Colonel Kenan, and of Bladen under Colonel Brown, together with the militia of New Hanover, fortified themselves on the north side of the Northeast River, about twelve miles from Wilmington, at the "great bridge," which had already been destroyed. The militia numbered about seven hundred, all told, but were poorly equipped and had very little ammunition. Their purpose was to check the advance of the enemy on Duplin. Craig made an attack on them some time during February, displayed his artillery across the river without effect, and after two days returned to Wilmington. General Lillington, who was chief in command, then ordered a retreat to Kinston where, on the 28th of April, all were discharged except one company, which was kept to guard the stores; and General Greene, having gone to South Carolina from Guilford Court House to dispute the dominion of Lord Rawdon, there was not left the name of an army in North Carolina. This was the condition of affairs in Duplin county on the first of May, 1781, when Lord Cornwallis and his army were passing through the county on their way to Virginia, and leaving the country behind them a scene of desolation. The character of Cornwallis' march through Duplin is graphically described by William Dickson, in a letter written in 1783, as follows:

"The whole country was struck with terror, almost every man quit his habitation and fled, leaving his family and property to the

mercy of merciless enemies. Horses, cattle and sheep and every kind of stock were driven off from every plantation, corn and forage taken for the supply of the army and no compensation given, houses plundered and robbed, chests, trunks, etc., broke, women's and children's clothes, etc., as well as men's wearing apparel and every kind of household furniture taken away. The outrages were committed mostly by a train of loyal refugees, as they termed themselves, whose business it was to follow the camps, and under the protection of the army enrich themselves on the plunder they took from the distressed inhabitants who were not able to defend it. We were also distressed by another swarm of beings (not better than harpies). These were women who followed the army in the character of officers' and soldiers' wives. They were generally considered by the inhabitants to be more insolent than the soldiers. They were generally mounted on the best horses and side saddles, dressed in the finest and best clothes that could be taken from the inhabitants as the army marched through the country. * * *

The same day my sister's husband, William McGowan, was found driving some stock out of their way; he was made a prisoner, and after being some time under guard, was compelled to pilot their Light Horse to his own and several of his neighbors' houses where they took all the corn and forage, all the horses and cattle, etc., they could get. The night following they detained him under guard and went and plundered his house of everything they found in it worth carrying away, broke every lock, ransacked every chest and trunk, took away all the bedding, etc., all the apparel, even the baby's clothes, stripped the rings off my sister's fingers, and the shoes and buckles off her feet, choked the children to make them confess if their father had not hid his money, and to tell where it was, etc., and many of the neighbors were treated in the same brutish manner.' * *

Within one mile of Kenansville, there lives a descendant of Mrs.

*From "The Dickson Letters."

McGowan, who has in her possession an old "cupboard," which was pierced by a bullet, accidentally discharged from a rifle, while these outrages described by Mr. Dickson were being committed; and a family tradition has, for one hundred and twenty years, preserved intact this story told by William Dickson immediately afterwards in his letters, which have only recently been brought to light.

It has been thought by some historians that Cornwallis and his army, when passing through North Carolina, conducted themselves with great humanity towards the inhabitants.

The facts in Duplin county prove the contrary to be true, and it is seldom that an army has committed greater outrages than did the army of Cornwallis in 1781. We doubt if Sherman's raid was so bad, and it certainly was no worse. The British commander was disappointed and mortified with the result of his conflict with General Greene, and was leaving the State virtually defeated by the man whom he had expected to carry away as a prisoner. After this disappointment he seems to have determined to gratify his spleen by allowing his soldiers to exercise a license not often permitted in civilized warfare. His army passed through the county in several detachments, so as to pillage as large a territory as possible. There lived near the old Court House—now in Sampson county—a Colonel Dodd, who, unlike a great number of his neighbors, refused to conceal himself in the woods on the approach of the enemy. He and a Mr. Thompson remained near his house on their horses, and after they had been robbed of their property, the enemy sent a detachment to take them dead or alive. They were espied on the Fayetteville road and a chase ensued through a swamp which had been causewayed with a ditch on each side. Seeing that they were about to be taken, they decided to leave the road. Thompson's horse refused to jump the ditch and the rider was immediately put to death. Colonel Dodd crossed the ditch successfully and the chase was continued through the swamp until Dodd leaped from his horse and took refuge in a pond of water,

where he concealed all his body except his face. In their desperate search for him, the enemy came near riding over him, but never discovered him. Colonel Dodd related the story years afterwards with a great deal of interest." *

Immediately following Cornwallis' retreat to Virginia, Maj. Craig, who was still in command at Wilmington, with about four hundred veteran troops, marched out with the purpose of making a raid in Duplin county. Colonel James Kenan collected the Duplin militia, consisting of about one hundred and fifty troops, and took his post in Duplin county, where the Wilmington dirt road crosses Rockfish Creek, just one mile southeast of Wallace. He was joined by General Caswell with one hundred and eighty men. They threw up a dirt fortification, and though they did not have three rounds of ammunition, awaited the approach of Craig's army of veteran troops, well equipped and double in number of the Whigs. Here, on the 2nd day of August, 1781, occurred the only real battle that was fought in Duplin county during the Revolution. The dirt fortifications were attacked with artillery, cavalry and infantry, there being a few field pieces and about one hundred light horse under Craig's command. The Duplin militia held the fortification until their ammunition was exhausted, when they broke and fled in disorder. Twenty-five or thirty were killed or taken prisoners, and the strength of the county having been broken, the British proceeded to repeat the outrages of Cornwallis' army without resistance. Craig then retreated to Wilmington, when the Whigs again took courage and attacked the only remaining Tory camp in Duplin, captured the Tories and put them immediately to death. The place of this little skirmish cannot be ascertained, but we know it ended the war, with all its horrors in Duplin, and the long-hoped-for peace and quiet was again restored.

*From *Wilmington Chronicle*, June 11, 1848.

A SOUTHERNER'S DEBT TO THOMAS NELSON PAGE AND JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

ANNIE L. HARRISON, '02.

Read before the Cornelian Literary Society.

Most of the world today lives in almost absolute ignorance of the real life of the South before the war. Northerners considered the negroes as mere beasts of burden, and not the careless, light-hearted and happy race the Southerners knew them to be. These false ideas were obtained from books written by people who had never seen Southern life in its entirety, which they therefore misrepresented. Mrs. Stowe's book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," did more to free the slave than did all of the politicians, yet her picture is not one which any Southerner would willingly have stand as a portrait of Southern life. It is true that a few masters were hard and cruel, but these cases were rare exceptions. The majority of slave-owners were kind and considerate, and, as a rule, the most affectionate relation existed between master and slave. The social life of the South, also, has been misrepresented, for in some plays given on the Northern stage, in which Southerners have figured, the superstitious Southerner is as absurd a creation as the wit of ignorance ever devised. The Southern girl is usually an underbred little provincial, whose chief characteristic is to say, "reckon" and "real" with strong emphasis in every other sentence, while the Southern gentleman is a sloven whose linen has never known starch; who clips the endings of his words; says "sah" at the end of every sentence, and never uses an *r* except in the last syllable of "nigger."

Unless one knows where to go, he may search in vain for the reality of the old Southern life. The present generation may obtain a truer picture of this life from the works of Thomas Nelson Page and Joel Chandler Harris than from those of any other writers. Thomas Nelson Page paints this life and the relation

existing between master and slave in their true colors, while Joel Chandler Harris has preserved in his "Uncle Remus" and other stories the life of the old plantation negro, his sayings and superstitions.

Never were two men better fitted to picture this life than Mr. Page and Mr. Harris, for they were born and bred in the old South, and they wrote from personal experience and not from hearsay, as many Northern writers have done. Thomas Nelson Page, belonging to an honorable and historic family, was born in the State of Virginia, a State famed for its hospitality, culture and chivalry, and whose history is best preserved in his own volumes. Joel Chandler Harris, like his own hero, "Brer Rabbit," was born and bred in a brier patch in middle Georgia. He passed his youth in the society of the old plantation negroes, enjoying "'possum and 'taters" with them while listening to their stories, which he has made famous the world over in his "Uncle Remus."

The works of Page were written partly to correct erroneous ideas about the old South; also to show to the present and coming generations a true picture of old time manners and customs. Mr. Page's point of view stands forth in his every sketch, for it is that of one who lived under a system that was patriarchal in its government, impracticable, chivalrous, whose fashion is rapidly passing away. It taught that all women were beautiful, and gracious, and proud and good; that all men, at least the young men, were straight and strong and fearless, but withal, fire-eaters, till the timid trembles in their company lest he give offence.

In reading "In Old Virginia" we get a picture of ante-bellum Virginia life such as is seldom found in our literature. The lovely and touching idyls, "Marse Chan," "Meh Lady," and "Uncle Edinburg's Drowndin," are told by an old negro who, in his simple fashion, tells the story of the lives of his "white people," whose riches, splendor and nobility aggrandize his own greatness.

How the times have changed! The old plantation negro is a

thing of the past. "The fragments of that old life are almost overgrown with the tangles of a new life." The present generation no longer has the same reverence and respect for the white people that the old plantation darkey had for "ole marster" and "ole mistis."

The life before the war had its faults but its virtues outweighed them. It largely contributed to produce the new South. It made men noble, gentle and brave, and women, tender and pure and true. It abounded in spiritual development; it made domestic virtues as common as light and air and filled homes with purity and peace.

Therefore every Southerner owes a debt of gratitude to Thomas Nelson Page and Joel Chandler Harris, for these her loyal sons have preserved for present and future generations the true history of the South before the war, a history of which every true Southerner is proud, and more than glad to have represented in its reality and entirety.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

OLIVE ALLEN, '04.

Read before the Adelphian Literary Society.

"Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling
And banish the thoughts of day.

"Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

"Read from some humbler poet
Whose songs gushed from his heart
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start."

To no other poet are these exquisite lines of Longfellow's more applicable than to James Whitcomb Riley. His is a name to conjure with. His poems brighten many of our evening firesides. They induce "the cares that infest the day, to fold their tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away."

In many libraries we see well preserved volumes of Dryden, Pope, and other great lights—or to borrow one of Riley's expressions—"Night Thoughts, Lally Rook, or a 'Treasury Book.' " They show signs of having been read, but Riley's volumes are always shabby-looking and are "browned by the umber of human contact." They are read and re-read at odd moments because they meet a want of our natures. The thumb-marks and tear-stains that besmear their pages remind us of what he says about "The Old Swimmin' Hole."

"You could tell by the dent of the heel and the sole
They was lots o' fun at the old swimmin' hole."

We feel that we are thoroughly acquainted with the spirit of Riley, and it is always interesting to know something of the life and personality of those whom we love but have not seen.

Riley was born in 1852, at Greenfield, Indiana, a small town twenty miles from Indianapolis. His father was a lawyer of large practice and naturally wished his son to follow his own profession. There was a spirit of comradeship between father and son, so the latter spent much of his boyhood around the courts. The varied classes that frequent the court house and grounds during a session of court form a sort of composite picture of the community. Riley, being with them at a very impressionable period of his life, became familiar with their language and habits. He tried to study law, as his father wished him to do, but he found it distasteful—too prosy for his poetical nature, consequently he ran away from home and Blackstone. He became a painter, and might have been an artist had he not given it up and become a common sign painter. He soon tired of this and ran away with a patent medicine and concert wagon. It was his task to beat the bass drum and recite verses from the wagon. Finding it difficult to get anything satisfactory to recite, he wrote some verses for himself. "When the Frost is on the Pumpkin," is one that was written under the inspiration of this necessity. Nothing material was gained from any of his adventures except experience and a knowledge of the manners and customs of the people he had seen. His poems show how much he had gathered. He finally abandoned this gypsy-like life and went to Greenfield, where he published a newspaper. The failure of this sheet sent him to Indianapolis, where his labors on the staff of the *Journal*, of that city, resulted in a connection which introduced him as a writer and brought him fame and fortune. When he came into prosperity and reputation he returned to Greenfield, where he purchased and fitted up for his summer home the old family residence, endeared to him by many associations. In the autobiographical book, "A Child World," he has embalmed his early experiences among kin and comrades in the little town with its atmosphere of honesty and simplicity.

He is below the average height; his complexion is fair; his hair has never changed from the flaxen whiteness of childhood; his eyes are large, light blue, wide open, and marvelous in their expression; his face is smooth shaven; his attire is neat and fashionable. To his friends and to the associations, and memories of his life, he is profoundly and patriotically loyal.

His literary bow as a maker of poems was made in 1880, when he was just turned thirty, with the volume entitled "The Ole Swimmin' Hole," and since then he has been a prolific writer. Riley's poems are eminently Songs of the Soil. The region which he has immortalized was then peopled by none very rich or very poor, so that the picture of the peaceful, kindly, homespun life in the village is a faithful representation of the usual family of that day. The western villages are lacking in picturesque setting and natural scenery, and he supplies the lack by picturing human nature, which is more vitally interesting to us who are a part of it. He deals very kindly with our human nature; he finds much of good in it and in doing so he renders the world a service.

He is a humorist and not a wit. He never portrays a villain nor uses the sharp edge of satire. His love for men is as an extra eye showing him what is best in them. We naturally love those who discover our best qualities and are discreetly blind to our failings.

He writes of every day happenings that are familiar to us all and which our humdrum souls would call common. Under his magic touch they take on beauty and are glorified. We say with him:

"We want some poetry 'at 's made to our taste,
Made out o' truck 'at 's jes a' goin' to waste,
'Cause smart folks thinks it's altogether too outrageous common."

Again he exclaims:

“ Tell the things jest like they wuz,
They don't need no excuse,
Don't tech 'em up as the poets does,
Till they are all too fine fer use.”

He lives in “ God's great out doors,” and his poetry savors of it. It has “ somepin' of live stock in it, and old crick bottoms, snags and sycamores.” Even “ weeds are put in—pizen vines and underbrush and groun' squirrels.”

“ Knee Deep in June,” is the title of one of his poems, and is in itself a bit of poetry suggestive of the flood of life that comes with the high tide of the year, “ when there is an invitation in the sky, the air, the earth, to come out and play.”

There is a certain pleasure in reading over the titles of his poems and noting the kaleidoscopic variety of the subjects he treats, in each of which there is a human note.

He chose dialect as a medium of expression because he wished to speak for and of the plain people. He is such a master of the local dialect that one might imagine that it is his mother tongue. Some dialect writers depend on their deformed spelling for the effect and it appears to be lugged in—not so Riley. What he says seems to say itself—there is no suggestion that he had to “ whip his thoughts into comeliness of expression.”

As he writes professedly for the plain, unlettered people, he rarely, if ever, uses any classical or historical allusions, which would be unintelligible to them. He clothes his thought in language that is peculiarly theirs.

He has written for every age and condition of human life—boyhood, girlhood, maidenhood—and even the “ John Anderson, my Jo Johns,” are not forgotten. Only a man capable of genuine sympathy, could have so entered into the thoughts and feelings of those whom he portrays.

The author of “ That Old Sweetheart of Mine,” is a bachelor,

strange to say. It is singular that he, who writes so kindly and truly of children and for them, has none of his own. His rhymes of childhood bubble over with the child spirit. How many children's eyes have grown big and excited under the spell of "Little Orphant Annie," "When the Wind Goes Oo-oo-oo—and the gob-lins 'at'll git you ef you don't watch out."

"The Doodle Bug's Charm" takes us back a few years. Who does not know the pleasure of

"Findin' little holes all bored in the ground,
An' little weenty heaps o' dust 'at's piled all around,
Of calling 'em up—
Doodle—Doodle—Doodle Bugs,
An' they 'd poke out their heads.
Doodle—Doodle—Doodle Bugs,
Come up and get some bread."

And, too, he puts in a jolly comrade sort of uncle to make the Doodle-Bug charmer's joy complete.

He approaches maidenhood as reverently as does Longfellow. We like to be analyzed by so loving a man and do not shrink from having our inmost selves interpreted by him.

His poems will always find readers, because they are so intensely human. Human nature is human nature the world around and the year around. "As long as folks are folks, they will be folksey."

William Dean Howells says: "Our Hoosier poet has found lodgment in people's love, which is a much safer place for any poet than their admiration."

MY LOST GLASSES.

SALLIE P. TUCKER, '02.

Along the paths of duty,
As my way I wearily plod,
I search for my rose-colored glasses,
My gift, when a child, from God.

Oh ! I long for my rose-colored glasses,
The priceless possession of youth,
When I saw in each little flower,
God's beautiful lesson of truth.

They colored the landscape before me,
All earth was so fair in my sight,
All bore the touch of the Master
And the gleam of his glorious light.

The daily path of duty
Was gay as on I sped,
For the earth was filled with beauty
And the firmament overhead.

I follow the path now before me,
Turning neither to left nor to right,
For the earth has lost its beauty
And reflects no rose-colored light.

The rays have mingled their colors,
Dead white is the light I receive;
Though the earth may be full of glory,
Not seeing, how can I believe ?

I shall follow my childhood's habit
And "play like" the glory is there,
And faith may fashion some glasses
More fitted and even more rare.

ESTATOA.

BELLE YOUNG, '05.

On the west side, and near the lone summit of Mount Mitchell in Yancey county, North Carolina, a streamlet bubbles out from beneath a gray old rock. It laughs and tumbles down the mountain side, now winding in and out among the mosses and sweet fern, then under fallen tree trunks and beneath the dark firs. Again it leaps boldly over a cliff forming a miniature cascade that grows silvery white in the sunlight. Finally it wanders down to a beautifully wooded valley.

By this time other streamlets have joined it, until it has become a little river overshadowed by sombre whispering pines. The banks on each side are lined with a thick growth of evergreens. Among these are seen the rhododendrons, which in summer are laden with clustered flowers of white and purple. Here and there the azalea, with its wealth of white, orange and crimson, bends gracefully over to kiss the limpid water, while from across the woodland one catches the heavy fragrance of the trailing arbutus. So the river flows on through this enchanted land, now entering some dark ravine where grotesque shadows are mirrored in its depths, again emerging and lapping round the feet of some craggy cliff, moss-covered and old. Then it curves gracefully through the open land where the blue smoke curling upward from the chimneys of log cabins, marks the home of the sturdy mountaineer. Doubtless this stream does not pass through scenes more picturesque, more wildly beautiful than this valley with its background of mountains—where Mount Mitchell towers above them all, a silent, majestic sentinel. This river is now known as the South Toe, but there was a time when it had another name. Many years ago when the shrill war-whoop of the powerful Cherokee waked the sleeping echoes of hill and dale, there lived a tribe of these dusky people not far from the foot of Mount Mitchell.

Among them was a maiden named Estatoa. She was the daughter of the great chief, Warwaseeta. Her childhood was spent like that of all Indian children. She roamed in the forest, joined in the games of her fellows; and at night when the glow of the wigwam fire shone out into the seenoyah (darkness) she listened to the weird tales told by her sire in the guttural tones which are characteristic of her race. But best of all, Estatoa liked to slip away unnoticed and guide her little canoe skilfully around the huge bowlders and over the ahma kalola (leaping water) that made music all day long in her forest home. So she grew to womanhood, tall, lithe and slender—not wanting in beauty, for her face was full and oval, free from angles, and her dark eyes had no lack of expression.

In the same village with Estatoa lived a young brave Kassanoola (swift), who was held in high esteem because of his prowess as a hunter. He was tall, powerfully built, and had the high cheek bones, and keen restless eyes of his race, not a prepossessing countenance, but he was the swiftest on foot, most accurate with the bow, and there was always found a supply of venison in his wigwam, and he invariably took from the river near by the greatest number of the beautiful speckled trout. On account of his ascendancy in these pursuits, he was looked up to as a model.

Now there came a time in the life of Estatoa when her heart sought its hero; and in spite of the cold exterior of her Indian manner there throbbed within her breast, warm with love, a woman's heart. She bestowed on Kassanoola that devotion which fills at some period the life of every woman, be she savage or civilized. But alas for Estatoa! She was to feel the irony of a fate which decreed that her love should be unrequited. Kassanoola, all unconscious of the silent worship at his shrine, had selected as the sharer of his wigwam a strange maiden, Wahneeta (young deer), from a neighboring tribe, but his wooing was neither ardent nor lover-like. He took wampum and the skins which were proofs of his skill with the bow. These he presented to the maiden's

father who in turn gave his daughter's hand to Kassanoola. These preliminaries being completed, the young brave returned to his own people to prepare for the reception of his bride. Meanwhile Estatoa grew more silent as she bitterly watched the preparations for the coming of her rival.

* * * * *

A perfect night in June:

The rays of a full moon streaming like a white veil over the great uplifted forest form a scene of rare beauty, and give us a realization of "the peace of the mountains." In contrast to the calm night, the Indian village is throbbing with eager life. Great bonfires throw out their lurid glare against the soft moon-light. In a large open space in front of the chief's wigwam there are feasting and merry-making. The young men and maidens in their fantastic costumes are performing a grotesque dance. Thus is Kassanoola's bride welcomed home.

When the feasting is at its height, a slender figure steals softly away across the open space, and soon is lost in the shadow of the forest leading to the river. Presently Estatoa, for it is she, emerges into an open place on the bank, and climbs to the top of a great rock, at whose feet the waters are deep and turbid. There she stands in the white moonlight, motionless, her small hands tightly clasped. The sweet serenity of the night steals into the savage breast, and for a time quiets the heart's angry beating. But through the wood comes the sound of the midnight revelers who are celebrating her hated rival's marriage. She utters a low wailing moan, throws her hands wildly upward, then leaps forward. There is a splash, a convulsive tossing of the water for a moment, and all is still. From afar down the valley comes the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill. A sudden gust of wind sighs mournfully through the pines. Nature sings a requiem to her dead daughter.

Next day a search is made for the Indian princess. There is much conjecture as to her strange disappearance. But all the great medicine man's weird incantations do not bring back the still

form from under the water. Finally it is a settled belief that she has been snatched from among them to appease the wrath of the gods whom they have angered. So the chief's hut robbed of her presence is more dreary, but if he mourns for his chiltoo (fallen blossom) no trace is seen on his stony countenance.

The Estatoa, now the South Toe, still winds and ripples onward to the sea, never whispering of the still form beneath its sparkling waters.

“MAMMIE.”

I sat at the close of a busy day,
And watched the flickering firelight play
On the walls of my quiet room.
My eyes half closed, were full of tears, my heart of sighs,
For always as the Holy Christmastide
Draws near, out from the Past there surely glide
The ghosts of happy days long dead.

They bring
A thousand lovely memories and fling
Their chains about my heart and hold me fast.
These ghosts from out the happy vanish'd Past,
And now I had no strength to conquer grief,
My weary, aching heart, found no relief.
At last I fell asleep, and then I dreamed
This blessed dream, I was again a child, it seemed,
And weary with my childish troubles sought
My dear old “Mammie,” for her comfort wrought
For me always a miracle of rest
And peace, and on her faithful, loving breast
Full many a time I've sobbed myself to sleep
While o'er my tear-stained face the smiles would creep.
“Oh, Mammie, here's your tired child!” I cried,
And at these words her arms were opened wide
And in a moment more my sobs were stilled,
While all the quiet, firelit room was filled
With the quaint melody she softly sang :

“We will walk dem golden streets,
Yes, we 'll walk dem golden streets,
Ob de New, ob de New Jerusalem.

“We will wear dem golden crowns,
Yes, we 'll wear dem golden crowns,
In de New, in de New Jerusalem.

“An' dere 'll be no sorrer dere,
An' dere 'll be no sorrer dere,
In de New, in de New Jerusalem!”

Then, as I moaned with weariness and pain,
 Methought she pressed me to her heart again,
 And said in tones so sweet to children's ears:
 "W'at's de matter, honey? Mammie's chile in tears?
 Do mammie's baby wanter yere me sing.
 Some mo'? Po' little bressed ting!"
 And then I heard her low voice croon once more
 And on the tide of songs so loved of yore
 I sailed away with Mammie once again,
 As rocking me, she sang this favorite strain:

"Tis good fur ter hab some patience, patience, patience,
 'Tis good fur ter hab some patience fur ter wait upon de Lawd."

Alas! 't was all an idle dream, and yet
 Although my eyes with lingering tears are wet
 The smiles, like sunlight shining through the rain
 Have shed their comfort, while again
 I've seen old Mammie's dusky face, and rest
 Again my lonely head upon her breast.

* * * * *

Full many a day her happy feet have walked
 The golden streets of which she sang and talked,
 And on her head that golden crown she wears,
 For she was faithful unto death.
 The years stretch in an ever-widening stream between
 That happy Past and now, Regret is keen
 When I remember this, and yet I know
 That when death's breeze my lonely barque shall blow
 At last across that stream, I'll surely hear
 Dear Mammie's joyous welcome over There:
 "Ole miss, my bressed baby's come at las',
 De good Lawd's promise sho' ter come ter pass!"

—O. H. in *Charlotte Observer*.

NIGHT FANCIES.

BETTIE A. LAND, '03.

In the weirdness and the darkness of the night,
When the sombre robe of Heaven obscures the light,
All my soul is deeply burning,
And my spirit vainly yearning
For the way that 's ever turning
To the right;
But the throbbing and the sobbing of the breeze,
As it weeps its woeful tale through all the trees,
Brings a tender healing balm
To my troubled soul a calm,
From the vast protecting arm
Of Him who sees.

In the mystery and the misery of the night,
When the Storm King is howling in his might,
Comes a moaning as of sorrow,
Till my heart is filled with horror,
And I long for the tomorrow,
And the light;
But the Storm King passes and the silence as it grows
Soothes my wild and frightened fancies to repose,
And at last I feel so blest
For the spirit is at rest,
All my longings are confessed,
And He knows.

MUSIC IN THE COMMON SCHOOLS, THE TRUE FOUNDATION FOR GENERAL MUSIC CULTURE.

A paper read before the State Convention of North Carolina Music Teachers' Association at Raleigh by Clarence Richard Brown, State Normal College.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the North Carolina Music Teachers' Association:

The great need for bettering the standards of music in our State, and the vital interest which I feel in the subject, together with the firm belief that this work can only be accomplished by universal music training, has led me to stand before you today with a plea for the coming generation of music workers and for the boys and girls in the common schools of the State, when I would fain listen, from some less conspicuous place, to those more gifted in and accustomed to public speaking, for I am a teacher and I am at home in the studio, not on the platform.

In discussing the subject of music in the public and private schools of the State it is not my purpose to touch the pedagogical side of the question, which would now be a little premature, but to urge the necessity of teaching music in the common as well as the private schools, both in city and country. If I succeed in interesting one person who has hitherto had no interest in this question, or in arousing those interested in earnest and immediate action, I shall feel that the sacrifice of my inclination to remain among the listeners has not been in vain.

I take it for granted that every teacher before me, each in his or her own way, is laboring for the musical elevation of the community in which he lives, and that this convention seeks the uplifting and musical betterment of the commonwealth, else, why a State Association? The artist or teacher whose sole objects are the accumulation of money or the praise of men, has missed the worthiest and highest side of his profession, the elevation of his fellow-man. He, like they who prayed in the corners of the streets in the days of the

Christ, may have his reward, but he has not the comforting assurance that the world is better for his having lived in it. Unfortunately, the financial side is a consideration which few of us can afford to ignore, and a certain amount of the praise of men is inseparable from that side, for men do not liberally patronize that which they do not commend. However, this should be incidental and a means to the end, not the sum total of our labors, to the exclusion of the happiness and improvement of our fellow-man and the communities where we live. No one lives to himself, and each, in his own sphere of life, will be held accountable for the influence he has wielded, or has failed to wield, over those by whom he is surrounded.

What is the responsibility of the music teacher in his community? Is he to be held responsible merely for the technical and artistic training of the few who are specially under his tuition, or should he to a certain extent be held accountable for the standards of art which prevail within the range of his influence? Is no one responsible for the prevalence in most of our churches, social gatherings and homes of a class of music that cannot command the approval of any professional musician or cultured amateur? Why should the otherwise well-educated pastor of a large and cultured church demand of his choir that after his sermon they shall sing some of those emotional religious ballads which he imagines to be a supplement and finish to his sermon, or that the services in his church shall open and close with the fantastic sacred ditties filled with meaningless syncopations and ending with the omnipresent obligato chorus and *te-dum te-dum* vocal accompaniment? I ask is no one responsible for this condition of things, or for the general preference of the public for coon-songs or the rag-time cake walk? I am impelled to believe that some one is responsible, and that primarily we, who are the keepers and dispensers of the sacred mysteries, are the culprits. If this is the fact, then the question arises, "How can we meet this great responsibility, and how combat this great wrong?" Shall we enter the lists and argue these questions,

with the public, the congregation, the choir, or with the musically ignorant, though otherwise cultured pastor? No, for we must not forget that from our point of view, technically he has no information from which he can comprehend our arguments, and from his own standpoint he is convinced that he has all that is to be had. He may not be able to play or sing himself, and proudly boasts that while he does not know one note from another, he can tell all about it when any one else makes the least mistake, his ear is so keen; and his sense of rythm is so true that he finds it impossible to refrain from patting his foot or at least nodding his head to the joyfully recurring accents in the devotional two-step. Or, possibly, he is the musical ignoramus who plays or sings a little himself. He has, perhaps, on occasion carried the bass obligato of the chorus while congenial spirits in the persons of the soprano, alto and tenor have te-dum te-dumed a sympathetic accompaniment to the last four syllables from each line of his solo. He is convinced out of his own mouth, what need hath he of further witnesses? Argue with him? No, a thousand times no. Shall we then invite him and his congregation, together with the self-satisfied individual who cares only for the lyrics of the Ethiopian and the dances written entirely in accentuations against the rythm, to a series of concerts or recitals where they shall hear nothing but the elevating and uplifting in music, that they may be enlightened by being sufficiently bored for from one to three hours, leaving the influence of our missionary efforts to perpetrate bad puns on how Miss Yaw yawed from the bottom to the top of the key board, or what a fine cotton picker Miss Etude would make, or burlesque our oratorio chorus by singing "Johnathan Daw lend me thy saw?" No, this is not the way to lay the foundation for their musical emancipation. Invite them to your classic recital if you will, and if they come the second time you may find that they have acquired such an appreciation of "classic music" (oh! how they love to use the term) that they have mastered the subject and can discourse on it far more glibly than you can yourself. They are not disturbed in their taste for

the same old stuff which was their first love, but use the few clap-trap expressions they have acquired to strengthen their position in its defense. They are more confirmed in their egotism than before—"The last state of that man is worse than the first"—so far as making him appreciative of the difference between good music and bad.

I do not wish to discourage your efforts in this direction, for there are many enlightened souls in our midst who have the beginnings of real music love to whom this advanced training is needful; but I wish to impress the truth that this sort of culture in most instances is beginning at the top or at least half way up the wall to erect your building, and that certain downfall and disappointment awaits you.

Why do the people of Germany enjoy better music generally than we in America? Is it that their general culture is greater? Is it that by nature they are more musical? I think not; but from the fact that for generations the German boy and girl have been taught to read music at sight, willy, nilly, together with reading, writing and arithmetic, and thus have had opened to them the possibilities of music literature. The German school boy reads music for himself and is therefore able to take a part in the interpretation and production of music of the better class—the choruses, glees, masses, oratorios and operas, and he thereby has thrown around him a musical environment which excites his interest, cultivates his taste and stimulates a desire to know more of music. In this way he is better prepared to take up the study of the instrument of his choice, or the one which chance brings in his way, and is soon playing in the orchestra of his church or of his native town. He enjoys, appreciates and comprehends good music, because he takes a part in it, because he reads its notation and sings, plays and listens not only with the spirit but with the understanding.

Why do our pupils go North to pursue their studies, and the pupils of northern teachers go abroad? Is it because they have

learned all that home teachers have to impart, or because foreign artists are better teachers? No, but because the musical atmosphere of the large northern cities is what they need and is essential to their musical growth, and in turn that of European cities still more so. In Germany and other countries of Europe one breathes in music with the air, for there, music is not alone for the favored few, but is the portion of all. If we would attain to a like musical culture, the structure must rise from a good foundation—the stream must flow from a crystal fountain-head into the little rills that feed the mighty stream, else the river must be turbulent and murky. That fountain-head is the teaching of the masses to sing intelligently and to sing by note. This must be begun with the children, and must be done in the common as well as in the private schools of the State and country, and we, the music teachers, must create the demand for it.

I need not here discuss at length the value of music nor the influence it wields over all classes of men under various conditions of life, for none know so well as we who are the guardians and leaders in the musical world that in all times of supreme effort, music has the power to spur man to his best, and to stimulate his physical and moral courage to the achievement of great deeds. What like music can so weld a mass of individuals into oneness of purpose, making them to feel, think and act like a mighty moral, mental and physical giant? Who shall determine the force wielded by the singing of "La Marsaillaise" by the French soldiers in 1792, or to what heights of patriotism men have been moved by the singing of "Die Waet am Rhein?" Many who are living today can testify to the stimulating effect upon the armies of North and South by the thrilling strains of "Star Spangled Banner," "Marching Thro' Georgia," and "Yankee Doodle," on the one side, and "Maryland," "Bonnie Blue Flag," and "Dixie," on the other; while "Nearer My God to Thee" and "Home Sweet Home" calmed the turbulent bosoms of both till their heart-throbs beat in one grand unison to the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

And in that other phase of life which requires courage of as strong a grain and nearly as great a degree as to face the cannon's mouth, the spiritual warfare against the world, the flesh and the devil, what so inspires the erring to acknowledge his sin and to declare his determination to lead a christian life, as the uplifting and ennobling hymn, which more than preaching, more than prayer, brings men to "be of one mind in an house," and into unity with God.

If the influence of music is so great as it is universally recognized to be, the character of that influence must be largely affected by the character of the music. If the music be not only beautiful, but strong, noble, dignified, shall not its influence tend to greater uplifting than if it be weak, trivial and frivolous? Surely this is true if the music be heard by receptive ears and understanding hearts.

How fittingly does Christ's parable of the sower illustrate the work which we now do for the culture of the masses. Alas! so much of the seed falls by the wayside, or in stony ground and among the thorns! The only way to sow all of our seed on good soil is to tear up the weeds and thorns, pluck out the stones, and prepare even the wayside that it may bring forth a hundred or fifty or even thirty fold.

Each one of us has influence in his own community, while this body can wield a vast influence throughout the State, and we should use our influence to create a demand that music (sight singing) be taught in every public and private school throughout the State and country in general, and in our own localities in particular. In a few years consequently the sentiment will be such that no man or woman will apply for a position as teacher in a public school who cannot teach the rudiments of sight singing, as well as other necessary branches. We shall have more receptive students in our special departments, and a healthier musical atmosphere in our midst when we have universal instruction, which is the only true basis for music culture.

In the State Normal and Industrial College we make an effort to send out our graduates equipped to do this work to a limited degree, and I am glad to say that in many instances we have accomplished this object, usually in cases where there is a special aptness on the part of the student. Most of the young women come to us knowing nothing whatever of music, and many of them come with ears wholly unawakened to a sense of melody or even to a sense of pitch. In such cases less is accomplished, and in a few cases the attempt has to be wholly abandoned, for it would require more time than can be given by the pupil or teacher. We are obliged to teach our students what, with music in the public schools, they would have learned when they learned to read English; at an age when time is more plentiful, the mind is easily impressionable, and when they were unembarrassed by self-consciousness and a mortifying dread of exhibiting ignorance. If children throughout the State are taught singing in the common schools, then when they come to us, we can give them the pedagogical side of the subject, and send out into the State, not a few half-trained teachers, but many as well equipped singing teachers as there are in other branches.

There is a great educational movement on foot in this country, particularly here in this State, and within the next decade we shall see the common schools increase largely in attendance and efficiency; shall not music bear a part in that forward movement? The answer lies with us.

No great mountain peak rises from the valley or the plain, but rears its head from the high tablelands which in their turn are surrounded by foot-hills. Shall we not see to it that our influence is exerted to raise this high plateau of musical culture from which some musical mountain may lift its lofty summit, a guide to the musical traveller, a joy and glory to those who know and love good music, the wonder and the admiration of the whole world?

WOMEN WORKERS.

Miss Elizabeth Peckham is deputy tax collector in Auburn, N. Y. Not a bad idea, if she is young and charming, since her presence might palliate the distress which so often comes with the appearance of that deadly sure *bete noir*, the tax collector.

Katharine C. Munsen of Winthrop, Mass., has invented a snow plow which, according to the *Scientific American*, has practical advantages recommending it to the use of railways and street car lines.

Mrs. Ferner Boniface is the inventor of a combined heater, cooler, and storage basket for carrying filled and empty bottles and other articles and food products, as well as fuel. It permits the heating and cooling of milk in bottles. The basket is portable and is of great value on a railway journey or in a hotel, for the benefit of infants or invalids.

The invention by another woman, Mrs. Lucy Burghardt of Denver, Col., is a folding baby carriage. When the baby is removed, the carriage can be folded up into a five pound hand parcel.

Mrs. Annie Fitzgibbon has been elected a director of the Calumet National Bank of South Chicago. She and her children own a controlling interest in the bank. This calls to mind the fact that Mrs. Alfred Williams of Raleigh, was the president of a bank, in which she was her husband's successor.

Adelaide Ristori, the great tragedienne, has recently celebrated her 80th birth-day amid great rejoicings throughout Rome. The king, queen, court, and civic authorities tendered congratulations. In spite of her long and triumphant career and now receiving the plaudits of the world, this good woman finds her sweetest joys

in the ministrations of devoted children, and her one sorrow is the silence of the grave which claims her husband, with whom her life was one of ideal happiness.

Mrs. Mary T. Armour of Cincinnati, has been elected president of the Ohio State Humane Society. It is said to be the first instance of a woman's being chosen to this office in any State, yet all agree that women are peculiarly fitted to lead in matters pertaining to work for humanity's sake.

A woman, Mlle. Jeanne de Villeneuve, has been, by the Foreign Office of the French Government, appointed a secretary of the French Consulate at New York. This, it is believed, is the first appointment of a woman in the consular service.

The papers are telling of a post mistress at West Winterport, Me., who has held her position for more than fifty years, and who loses her office because of rural free delivery. We have in North Carolina a post mistress, Mrs. Mary Green, at Warrenton, who has been the autocrat of the post office there for thirty-seven years and whose rule will but be extended when the rural free delivery shall open up new territory.

Mrs. Rebecca S. Foster, "The Tombs Angel," lost her life in the recent Park Avenue Hotel fire in New York. She gave herself to the betterment of life among prisoners. Many thousands of dollars were placed annually in her hands to be used at her discretion. She sold her personal belongings to give aid to outcasts, and even gave her wearing apparel to tattered women prisoners.

Miss Amy Campbell of Cincinnati, earned her living for a while as a typewriter and stenographer. Then she opened a school of stenography, in which she succeeded. Later, she placed stenographers in hotels or sent them where business needs called for them. She pays these regular wages, and herself collects the money for

their services. She is said to have prospered financially, and that she owns a handsome home, carriages, horses, and the like. We are not told how the women fare who earn the fees.

Mrs. C. N. Whitman is the owner and manager of one of the largest ranches in the world. It is located near Tascosa, in Texas.

Mrs. Lucy H. Robertson has been elected to the Presidency of the Greensboro Female College, which belongs to the Methodist Church of North Carolina.

ALUMNAE HISTORY PRIZE.

To Former Students of The State Normal and Industrial College :

The Alumnae Association of The State Normal and Industrial College offers a prize of twenty-five dollars for the best historical paper written by a former student of the College, upon the following conditions:

1. The student must have spent at least one year at the College.

2. The paper must treat of some phase of North Carolina life. It must be a character sketch of one of her heroes; a study of the life of her early settlers; a development of local history; or a story based on facts in her history.

3. The manuscript must be typewritten, must contain not more than two thousand words, and must be sent by April 25, 1902, to Miss Mary Tinnin, Greensboro, N. C.

4. Each writer must use a *nom de plume*, her real name being given in a separate sealed envelope, which may be enclosed with the paper.

Competent judges will award the prize after a careful consideration of the originality, research and literary merit shown by each paper.

THE DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN.

Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet.

VIRGINIA BROWN, '02.

The little Dauphin is sick, the little Dauphin is going to die. In all the churches of the kingdom, the holy sacrament remains in sight night and day, and great wax tapers burn for the recovery of the royal child. The streets are sad and silent, the clock no longer strikes, carriages move at a walk. At the entrance of the palace the curious common folk gaze through the grating at the golden girdled Swiss, who are talking with an important air in the courts.

All the castle is in anxiety. Chamberlains and major-domos run up and down the marble stairs. The galleries are full of pages and courtiers in silken apparel, who go from one group to another seeking news in low tones. On the wide steps the weeping ladies of honor make courtesies while drying their eyes with pretty embroidered handkerchiefs.

In the orangery there is a numerous assemblage of robed doctors. Through the windows one sees them move their long black sleeves and learnedly incline their periwigs.

The tutor and the riding-master of the little Dauphin wander before the door, awaiting the decision of the Faculty. Kitchen drudges pass by without saluting them. The riding-master swears like a pagan, and the tutor recites verses from Horace. In the meantime over yonder by the stables is heard a long plaintive neigh. It is from the chestnut horse of the little Dauphin. The grooms have forgotten to feed him, and he calls sadly before his empty manger.

And the king? Where is my lord, the king? The king has locked himself alone in the room in the end of the castle. Their royal highnesses do not like to be seen weeping. As for the queen, it is quite another thing with her. Seated at the bedside of the

little Dauphin, her beautiful face bathed in tears, she sobs aloud, before all, even as a woolen draper would do.

Upon his couch of lace, the little Dauphin, whiter than the pillows upon which he is stretched, rests with closed eyes.

They believe that he sleeps; but no.

The little Dauphin does not sleep.

He turns towards his mother, and seeing that the queen weeps, says to her: "My lady the queen, why do you weep? Do you really believe that I am going to die?" The queen wishes to reply, but sobs prevent her from speaking.

"Do not weep any more, my lady the queen; you forget that I am the Dauphin, and that Dauphins cannot die thus." The queen sobs still more violently, and the little Dauphin begins to feel afraid. "Oh!" says he, "I do not wish death to come and take me, and I could very well prevent it from coming here. Let forty strong lansquenets come at once to mount guard about our bed! Let a hundred great cannon watch under our window with fuse lighted day and night! and woe to death if it dares approach us!"

To please the royal child, the queen makes a sign. Immediately one hears the great cannon which roll in the court and forty great lansquenets, halberds in hand, rank themselves around the chamber. They are old, weather-beaten soldiers with gray mustaches. The little Dauphin claps his hands upon seeing them. He recognizes one of them and calls to him.

"Lorrain! Lorrain!"

The old soldier makes a step towards the bed.

"I'll love thee well, my old Lorrain. Let me see thy great sabre for a minute. If death wishes to take me, it must be killed, must n't it?"

Lorrain replies: "Yes, my lord," and two great tears roll down his tanned cheeks.

At this moment the chaplain approaches the little Dauphin and talks to him for some time in a low voice, showing him a crucifix.

The little Dauphin listens to him with an astonished air, then all

at once interrupting him: "I understand fully what you are saying to me, Abbey, but still, if my little friend Beppo is given a great deal of money, can he not die in my place?"

The chaplain continues speaking to him in a low voice, and the little Dauphin looks more and more astonished.

When the chaplain has finished, the little Dauphin replies with a deep sigh.

"All that you tell me is quite sad, Abbey; but one thing consoles me, it is that, up there, in the paradise of the stars, I am still going to be the Dauphin. I know that the Good Lord is my cousin and cannot fail to treat me according to my rank."

Then he adds, while turning towards his mother:

"Have some one bring my most beautiful clothes, my doublet of white ermine, and my velvet shoes! I wish to make myself grand for the angels, and to enter paradise in the costume of the Dauphin."

A third time the chaplain bends over the little Dauphin and speaks in his low voice for a long time. In the midst of his discourse, the royal child interrupts him with anger:

"But then," cries he, "to be Dauphin, is nothing at all!" And without wishing to hear any more, the little Dauphin turns toward the wall and weeps bitterly.

THE CURRY BUILDING.

We were highly favored on February 17th in the presence of a number of distinguished gentlemen, headed by the Governor, to witness an interesting event in our College life.

The occasion was the dedication of the Curry Building, the first building erected in North Carolina solely to give technical training to teachers.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. W. Carey Newton. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Curry, Mr. George Foster Peabody, Governor Aycock, President Vardell, Professors Foust and Claxton. After these addresses, which are given below, Rev. Dr. Crawford pronounced the benediction, accompanied by a fervent prayer for the future welfare of the College. Among those on the rostrum were Dr. Curry, Governor Aycock, Mr. Peabody, Dr. and Mrs. McIver, Mrs. Robertson, Miss Turpin, Prof. M. H. Holt, Mr. R. T. Gray, Prof. P. P. Claxton, Mayor Osborn, Prof. E. D. Broadhurst, Prof. J. I. Foust, Judge Walter H. Neal, Solicitor A. L. Brooks, City School Board: Messrs. Geo. H. Sergeant, C. H. Ireland, C. M. Vanstory, J. C. Murchison, J. R. Mendenhall and W. C. Bevill; Aldermen J. Y. Joyner, G. T. Glascook, John Lewis and Neil Ellington.

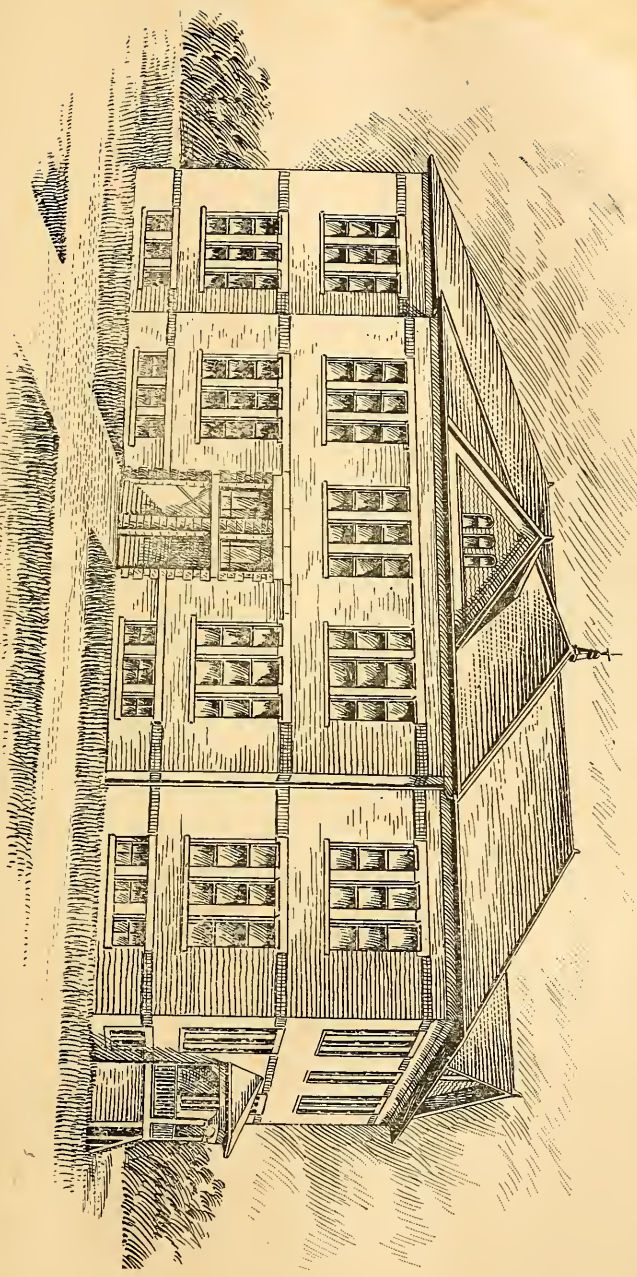
At the conclusion of the Dedication Exercises an elegant six o'clock dinner was served in the Dining Hall by the students, in honor of the speakers.

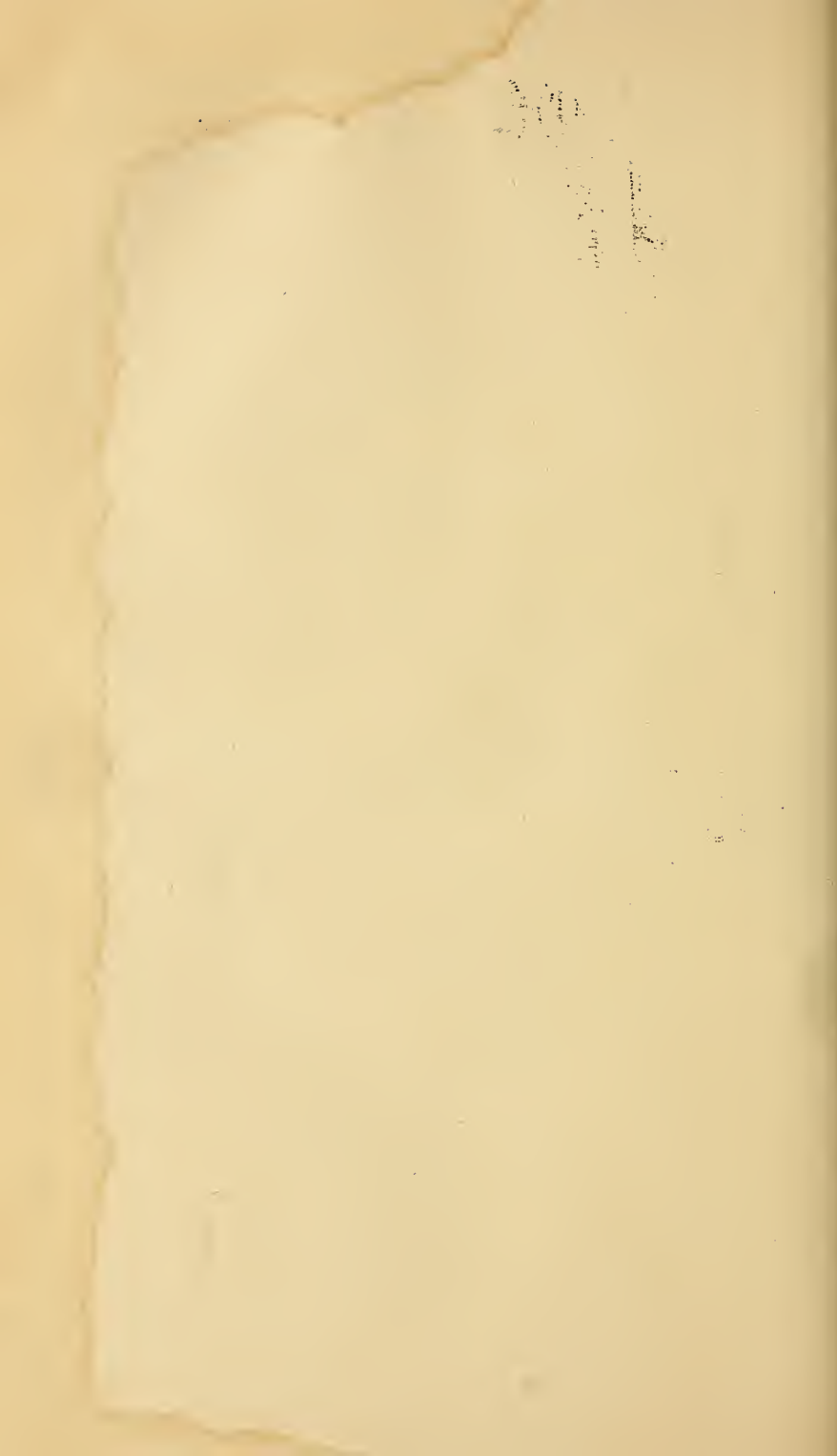
PRESIDENT MCIVER:

Greeting and welcoming the audience, Dr. McIver said:

It is not a difficult task to announce the name of our new building and our reason for so naming it. For four or five years it has been our ambition and our expectation each year to complete a building for our Practice and Observation School. To many of you assembled here it is only Public School No. 3, or the West

— THE CURRY BUILDING —
THE NORTH CAROLINA STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE.





End Graded School; but to us it is the home of the pedagogical department of this college. When I look out upon it and think of its name and what it means, it carries me back to 1891, when some of us timidly, because of our lack of experience, appeared before the General Assembly of North Carolina, sent there by the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly, to work for the establishment of a normal college. While we were there doing the best we could, Hon. J. L. M. Curry, representing the Peabody Education Board, came to Raleigh and made a speech before the Legislature which will not be forgotten. It impressed the legislators, as it impressed all of us who heard it, and gave courage to us who were destined to guide the affairs of this institution. I remember so well how he stood before them, the representatives of the people of North Carolina, and told them that if they were in earnest about the business of educating the people of the State, and if this Legislature would undertake to establish and give a living chance to a great institution for the training of teachers, he would promise for the Board which he represented, that such an institution should have liberal treatment from that Board. He spoke so earnestly and eloquently that they believed what he said and established this institution, some of them with small faith, but they established it, and gave it an opportunity to develop. How well his promise to the people of this State has been kept, the record shows. He made no definite figure as to what the Peabody Board would give, but when North Carolina placed \$10,000 annually into our treasury, Dr. Curry and the Peabody Board, for whom he spoke, put in \$5,000 for the first year or two, and since then this college has received annually from the Peabody Board from \$2,000 to \$3,000 to be applied to the pedagogical department; for the Peabody Board does not propose to help any normal college, or other college, for the present, except in its teacher-training department. So for these reasons, if for no other, we might be well justified in naming our building, which is dedicated to the purpose of training teachers, for the representative of that great Board.

In honor of the Peabody Board, out of respect to George Peabody, who in 1867 gave \$3,000,000 to aid the Southern people to educate their children; out of respect to those who have helped to guide so well the use of the Peabody Fund; and especially in grateful appreciation of the work and worth of the General Agent of that Fund, the Honorable J. L. M. Curry, this house is dedicated today in the hope that it may stand forever "The Curry Building." (Great applause.)

I must not detain you longer with words of introduction, for there are those here whom it is not often the privilege of men and women in North Carolina to hear. But it would be wrong for me not to say that we owe more to Dr. Curry than that to which I have referred. There has not been a year when he has not appeared upon this rostrum, sometimes when none were here but the faculty and students, and uttered words of inspiration to us. There has never been a moment of sorrow, there has never been a time of trial, there has never been a political upheaval in this State, or anything that threatened us in any way, or that any one thought might threaten in any way the successful career of this institution, that he has not appeared upon the scene here, and at Raleigh, in the Governor's office, or elsewhere, in the State or out of it, to speak for The North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College. Not only is that true, but it is because of his great work and love for us and his help for our college, that it has been enabled to reach the ear and the mind and the heart of great philanthropists in other sections of this country; and it is because of his interest in the college that we have with us today one of the most distinguished of these philanthropists, whom you will have the pleasure of hearing directly.

As educator, as orator, as statesman, as diplomat, as man, the building is named for him, and we honor ourselves in calling it The Curry Building.

I have the honor of announcing to you that Hon. J. L. M. Curry will now address you. (Hearty applause.)

DR. CURRY:

My young friends, How could I refuse to be here to-day? How could I refuse gratefully, and at the same time humbly, to acknowledge the high, although unmerited, compliment which this institution has paid me, by identifying one of its significant and important buildings with my unworthy name?

Since I surrendered my sword, after the close of the war between the States, I have given this life of mine unreservedly, and to the best of my ability, to the cause of education—as a teacher in a college, as the representative of the great Peabody Education Fund, as representative of the Slater Education Fund, as an active member of the Southern Education Board, and having with Drs. Frissell, Hunter and Meserve—I may almost say, the honor of having originated, and certainly the starting into its career of usefulness, what has grown out of the Capon Springs and the Winston-Salem Conferences. I should be less than man if I had not come here even under difficulties, to acknowledge with gratitude the honor which you have done me.

As my friend, Dr. McIver has just said, I also was a participator in the movements which resulted in the establishment of this great building and this great institution. In the discharge of my duties, I was at Raleigh, and my friend in the exuberance of his compliments forgot to say what I regard as more important than any address which I made, that I, supporting him in his patriotic and magnanimous efforts, followed him from the Hall of Legislation to the room of the Committee on Education, where he and I together urged that committee to put into practical execution what was in their hearts, and as the result of that conference before that committee, mainly and largely through McIver's influence, the Legislature adopted the Act, which established this normal school. It might be perhaps regarded as a simple tit-for-tat if I said what I thought about Dr. McIver; and while they are naming this and that main building to perpetuate the name of the giver, this

whole building, this institution, is McIver's monument, and will last, I trust, while civilization lasts, as the record of his doings, and as the broad testimony of what this blessed Old North State is doing, not simply for the education of woman, but for the education of the people of this Southland of ours.

Perhaps, in civilization, or in history, he is the greatest benefactor who does most for the elevation of woman. Society, churches, Christianity, are more dependent upon woman than upon all the powers of man. Therefore, I say that it is to the culture and influence of gracious womanhood that society and civilization are more indebted than to the powers of man.

You must allow me to speak this afternoon, while I do speak, miscellaneously, bringing in what may occur to me as I stand upon this platform. When we speak of monuments due to McIver, and to his associates in this school, to the State, your directors, and to the faculty, I think that the most perpetual and beneficent monument, that can be erected, is each one of these girls, who goes out from this building and from the instructions of this institution, exalted in her ideas of duty, with broader conceptions of human life, and worthier purposes in reference to the attainments of womanhood. I was here a few years ago, and there was a girl in this school from an obscure county, without much refinement of manner, or contact with the higher social elements, with rather immature and untrained mind, who came with purpose and ambition and a high noble resolve to do good, and remained here as long as by her exertions and the help of others she could remain in the school, and then went away to the country home where she lived, and in order to return, began to teach school thirteen months in a year. That is literally true, when she multiplied her labors and had schools in the morning and in the evening, and on Saturdays, to say nothing of the double schools which she held on Sundays. That woman is worth to the State of North Carolina to-day one hundred ordinary legislators. And that girl, I call her name because it ought to be inscribed—no, why inscribe her name upon

these walls? The walls would not hold the names that ought to be inscribed if hers be so honored, but I do call the name of Phebe Pegram. (Great applause.)

What a wonderful advance there has been with reference to the education of woman even in my day. Why, some years ago, even in the state of Massachusetts, the girls were permitted to be taught by the teacher after the boys' school had been dismissed, and they could remain for an hour or two in order to receive some instruction. And even at the present day there linger some of these old notions, absurd, uncivilized, unchristian notions, as to the subordination of woman. I heard a marriage ceremony not long ago, and the preacher about concluding, said with great solemnity, "I pronounce you man and wife." Why didn't he say man and woman? Why didn't he say husband and wife? Why did he say man and wife? If man, why not woman? If wife, why not husband? The old preachers used to say that woman was taken not from the head to be superior, not from the foot to be inferior, but from the side to be equal with man, and that is what she ought to be. I hear nearly every day that same absurd idea of woman's inferiority. Some of these editors—God bless them! we are all dependent on the editors, all these politicians, judges, educators, men, and women, all of us, are dependent on the editors, and they are the great agents in carrying on this campaign of education which has begun in the State of North Carolina—and some other people, with not half so much wisdom, or patriotism, or civilization, as these editors, are continually talking about mother-in-law or step-mothers by way of a sneer and ridicule. I stand here today in the presence of these people and assert that the two best women I have ever known in my life were a mother-in-law and a step-mother. Instead of being the worst, they are the best. O, how sorry I am for some good people, that they cannot claim the privilege of having a mother-in-law!

Until McIver incited the Legislature of North Carolina to do something by way of appropriation for this school, what had North

Carolina ever done for woman's education? I think nothing; nothing except what had been done through the public schools. Thousands of dollars for the boys' schools; nothing for girls.

We must get over these ideas. It gives me the cold shivers when I hear a man talking about a woman as a "female." Take up a newspaper and look at the advertisements, and you will find where some great "female" school is to be found. What does that mean? it means nothing. "Female" is a term applicable to all animals just as much as it is to woman. There is nothing distinctive in it as to character or qualities, and when you speak of a female school, it is simply the perpetuation of that old heresy of the inferiority of woman to man. Look what women have done for the world. I need not go back to New Testament times and talk about the dead, but what names come to your memories when you think of women, and what they have done for religion, for society, for civilization, and for Christianity. When I was in the Legislature, there was a good woman, worthy of her sex, an honor to humanity and to Christianity, that came to the Legislature, and made an eloquent, inspiring speech, and it was the woman whose picture is upon your walls, Dorothea Dix. We sat entranced under her eloquence as she pleaded for the infirm, for the helpless, for the destitute, for the insane, and the great Insane Asylum in Alabama today is the result of the energy and the piety of that woman, whose face looks down so benevolently upon us. I am sorry that a school for girls has but one picture of a woman on its walls. She not only persuaded Alabama to build an asylum for its insane, but North Carolina was ready to follow the example, and now you have three insane asylums. Just below Miss Dix's picture you have that of a man, Mr. Dobbin, who stood up in the Legislature, infirm in health, on his way to the grave, and gave his last eloquent pleadings in conjunction with that woman in behalf of the insane in the State of North Carolina.

Young ladies, you can't all be queens, unless some of these old bachelors will make each one of you his queen, but do you recall

that three of the most distinguished and best people within the last half century who have been monarchs, are women? Victoria, going down to her grave in honor and in glory; Marguerita, of Italy, still living. Twenty-five years ago, I was in the Palace in Rome, and she and her husband were present. She was almost like a star rising up above the horizon in its morning glory, dispensing beauty and loveliness, and every ear and every eye turned to her in sympathetic admiration. Three years ago, I was in the same palace and saw her again, when she was surrounded by hosts of people, by officers in the army and navy, by diplomats of distinction, by people of all ranks; and while the King was surrounded by his guard, not permitting even a little girl fifteen years of age to pass near him, unless that guard interposed himself between, so afraid was he of assassination, and yet that Queen Marguerita, with the gracefulness of a gazelle, and with a beauty such as scarcely ever adorned womankind, went about from room to room, from place to place, the admiration of all, and every heart went out to her, as every hand would have defended her against violence. I will not speak of the other woman, my favorite, Queen Christina, of Spain, at the birth of whose son I was present, (the little fellow is to be crowned in May next), but I esteem it a much greater honor to have been present at the birth of this institution than at the birth of any king.

This institution has taken its forward step in reference to the higher and nobler education of woman. What means this wondrous assemblage here this afternoon? The preacher said a while ago it was an epoch-marking period. It is prophetic of higher attainments. It is the forerunner of things greater to be accomplished hereafter. Wherefore come these men of distinction and of wealth? This occasion is of more significance to my mind than the mere education of one sex; both are entitled, as the creatures of God, to the fullest development of their moral, and intellectual, and aesthetic nature, and each alike is essential to the happiness of man and the civilization of the world.

We talk about public schools, and some people are afraid to say that they are willing to tax the people for education, but just think for a minute. When this country opened its doors and proclaimed itself the asylum of the oppressed, the home of the free, and they flocked in as doves to the windows in time of storm, they came by thousands. Where are they today? Absorbed into the mass of our population, and only absorbed to assimilate. I suspect there are here this afternoon some Irish, and some Germans, and some Welsh, and some Swedes, and some French. Can you tell where they came from? No, they have been assimilated by our free constitution and by our educational institutions to be American citizens. These people have come to us and have been assimilated, and we have been saved from the burden of alien language and a heterogeneous population, by the revolutionizing power of our public school system.

The meeting in Raleigh a few days ago was epochal. There has not been anything like it in the history of this State, according to my conception of its value and its importance. Josephus Daniels, and Bailey, and Kingsbury, and Caldwell, and others, have laid aside their disputes, political or clerical, forgetting for the time being their rivalry, as patriots and as North Carolinians, to work for the education of the children. It was a glorious meeting, and the beginning of better days in the grand old State of North Carolina. It means that it is the duty of North Carolina to educate every child, black and white, male and female, whichever and wherever they may be. I would like to know, in the name of conscience and humanity, why a North Carolina child is not entitled to the same privilege as a Massachusetts child, or an Ohio child, and why it is that these children are not capable of as great attainments and as wonderful success as have marked and blessed all other States in the nation. "Too poor," they say. "North Carolina is too poor." Why, you will remain poor until Gabriel's trumpet blows unless you educate your children. You are too poor not to do it, and you will remain poor if you do not, and these

other States as they pass you in the march of progress, and development in resources, will leave you to grope insignificantly in the distance, unless you keep pace with them in the march of progress of events and educational institutions. North Carolina does not fail when she begins her work with the right spirit. She was one of the last of the Southern States to come into the Confederacy, but when she did come, she came as McIver comes into these great efforts in which he is engaged; she came furnishing more soldiers than any other State in the South, better equipped, better clad, losing more men in the army. And in the great struggle when the combined legions met sword to sword, and bayonet to bayonet, it was North Carolina that charged farthest to the front. And so will it be in this great struggle for the upbuilding of the Old North State. I have before me the Declaration of Independence. I wonder if you are familiar with it. When Thomas Jefferson drew up that wonderful indictment against Old King George III., and put in the counts of indictment against him, just look, if you please, at some of the things that he charged against the old King.

"He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly." So has ignorance. "He has obstructed the administration of justice." So has ignorance. "He has made judges dependent on his will alone." So are judges nowadays when we make them elected by popular vote. "He has kept among us, in time of peace, standing armies." What are your sheriffs for? What are your constables for? What are your policemen for? What are your jails and penitentiaries for but to encage the ignorant and keep them out of harm's way and doing harm to you? "He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitutions." Knowledge and light were made for the human mind, just as the gospel is made for the human soul, and ignorance keeps away this light from the human mind and from the human soul. "He has put large bodies of armed troops among us." Ignorance is costing us more today than the Philippine effort to Christianize the half savage people and fit them for the

capabilities of a free government. "He has cut off our trade with all parts of the world." Is there a merchant here? You take up a man, an ignoramus, selling whiskey, or something that is bad, having a little bit of an establishment, and he sells to his immediate neighbors; your intelligent man, your man of enterprise, your man who takes large views of commerce and trade, he enlarges the dominion of trade, while the ignoramus cuts off your trade. But listen again. Thomas Jefferson and the people of his day got after George III. for imposing taxes on us without our consent. What is costing us more in this country—is it ignorance or knowledge? I will not stop to go over this indictment, but I beg you to take it up some time and work it out, and see what was charged against old King George III. Well, he was not always bad. He was a man and had some good qualities, but old King Ignorance has no good qualities, never did a good thing since the world began. I defy you to tell me one good thing that ignorance ever did. And in this war that we are waging against ignorance we ask every man and woman to come to our aid.

I said something a while ago about North Carolina. The first thing I ever heard about North Carolina was about a school for girls. That is about sixty-five years ago. A noble old North Carolinian—an honest, upright, noble man, by the name of Brown, stood by my father, and he took an interest in my success, and began to talk to me about education, and he asked me if I had ever heard about the old Moravian school at Salem, and that is the first I ever heard of North Carolina. And my father was so fond of North Carolina that he named one of his children Nathaniel Macon, and so I claim to be partly North Carolinian. I rejoice to remember that in my earliest recollections of North Carolina it was what she was doing for the education of girls. I am glad the old school still stands, and I wish that Bishop Rondthaler were here today, that I might shake his hand and thank him and his people for the grand and noble work that they have done in this State.

I said a while ago that I claimed to be a sort of North Carolinian because my father named a boy after Macon; but I have a better claim than that. When the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence was established over here in Mecklenburg county, in 1775, they wanted to send somebody with it to Philadelphia, to stimulate the reluctant representatives to declare independence, and they looked up a brave man, and a true man, and a North Carolina man to send it by, and they got old Captain Jack to take that Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence from Mecklenburg county to Philadelphia, and here with me is a member of that Jack family, and she is my grand-daughter, and I am proud of her, and through her I claim again to be somewhat of a North Carolinian. I wish I had time to show North Carolina's sacrifices, her devotion to that cause, and how almost where this noble building stands, your North Carolina troops turned back Cornwallis' army, and brought about the surrender of the troops at Yorktown. In a book, "Winning the West," that matter is brought up and explained, with fullness and clearness, and that book confers honor upon North Carolina for saving the independence of the United States, and was written by our noble President, Theodore Roosevelt.

Now one or two more words, and I relieve your patience. Your schools will do nothing without trained teachers. It is not worth while to have schools without expert supervision, and expert teachers; and you are here to learn what to teach and how to teach it thoroughly and effectively.

There are many persons that seem not to know the aims nor the ends of education, that its object is to get a good boy or girl to pass an examination, to get a good mark. They seem to lose sight of the fact that the aims and ends of education are to stimulate the many sides of development, to arouse the interest in the knowledge which will abide, and enjoy that literary, and scientific and aesthetic inheritance which has been bequeathed to you by those who have gone before. We want good school houses, libraries, gymnasias,

laboratories, and the opportunities and advantages which are given to other schools. I have heard much of this nonsense about Garfield sitting on one end of a log and the teacher on the other end. Much of that is humbug and demagogism. You don't want to put your daughter out on a log with a teacher on the other end, but you want good teachers, with music, painting, art, and the other opportunities and appliances that other people have, so that they may become real women in education and in the work they have to do.

The last remark I have to make is that this institution recognizes woman's worth and woman's capacity. Its aim is a symmetrical womanhood—a healthy body, a vigorous, well developed mind, self-respect, self-reliance, strong spiritual nature. Its object is to educate womanhood, not simply to shine as a butterfly in the parlor, not simply to be Fashion's gewgaw, or plaything, not simply to make herself ridiculous by the affectation of knowledge that she does not possess, or the arts which she never acquired; but the aim is to make womanhood for the school, for the social circle, for the churches, for the home; but whatever else she may be: teacher, scholar, journalist, business manager, wife, mother, she is first and last of all, a true, refined, American, Christian woman.

Who of us can overestimate the influence and worth in the varied relations of sister, wife, and mother? What son, what husband, what brother can be blind or neglectful of life's most cherished memories and life's holiest associations? Who declines to attribute to mother the happiest moments that have been woven into the web of his existence? What endearments cluster around our loved homes in the past; and who hastens to the bedside of mourning, and sorrow, and suffering as have done women, and who were the heroic, self-sacrificing creatures that, with the Red Cross, went to the battle-fields, and hospitals, and trenches, and gave to those far away from home the ministering comforts that only an angel woman can do?

"Ask the grey Pilgrim by the surges cast
On hostile shores and numbed beneath the blast ;
Ask, who relieved him, who the hearth began
To kindle, who with spilling goblet ran ?
Oh ! he will dart one spark of youthful flame
And clasp his withered hands, and *woman* name."

One more request, if you will give me two minutes. You know far better than I how the soldiery of North Carolina has stood out in illustrious characters upon the pages of history, and have come to the front in war and in peace. The time is coming, not far distant, when the pen of history shall write upon her magnificent pages some other names not written there, and there shall be written in indelible and immortal characters, to be read by coming generations, other names as proud as those; and among these, as I see it in fancy, will be the honored name of one who is known, and shall be known hereafter, and for whom I wish to make a request, that with handkerchief, and banner, you give a salute to North Carolina's great school Governor.

MR. PEABODY:

The reporter having failed to do justice to Mr. Peabody's terse talk, which in the rapid sweep of his thought they could not accurately transmit to paper, we regret that we can give but a brief abstract.

After a humorous arraiging of President McIver concerning the understanding between them before they went upon the rostrum, Mr. Peabody said in effect: It was through hearing Dr. McIver's story of what North Carolina had inspired and enabled him to do, that he, Mr. Peabody, had been enthused to use what had been committed to his keeping. He congratulated the State, the Governor, and our citizens upon the acquisition of the new building which is consecrated to the training of North Carolina teachers. He also congratulated Dr. Curry that he had the good fortune after his long and wonderful service to see this bit of recognition, this building,

which is not merely the continuation of the work begun, but is really the proof and the outcome of what was in the mind and the hearts of Dr. McIver, Dr. Alderman, Dr. Curry, and of others who laid the foundation of this school which is really the keystone of the arch of the work done here. This Practice School means more than it seems because there is a special interest in the relation of North Carolina to the country at large, and its present peculiarly interesting relation to the question of education. This school has great opportunities, being the earliest and foremost in the State and having the splendid material to work upon which this Old North State furnishes. This opportunity becomes more evident to those who have the good fortune to make repeated visits here.

No man blessed with a mother of three score and ten years can fail to rejoice in an opportunity to speak to so many potential mothers and to express his reverence and his profound hope for the future cause of motherhood and what that means. The only reason that we have any civilization today, is because God has given to the mother heart and to the mother mind that power of rising to the occasion and of making the child something of what God meant it to be when He made man in His own image. It is to mothers that we owe what we are today. Now when we look forward to a trained motherhood, studying to comprehend God's methods in nature, and trying to ascertain the mind of God with reference to all those natural activities and emotions of mankind, we may hope that the day is not far distant when we shall see come to pass what our Saviour predicted when he made the promise that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head.

GOVERNOR AYCOCK:

There are a great many trying things in a governor's life, and I have sometimes felt that I wished that I were back at the bar practicing law, or even teaching school; but to be Governor of the State brings with it many compensations, and I count it no small part of

the pleasure which has come to me in the high office which the good people of the State have bestowed upon me, that it brings me to this school, and enables me to hear the eloquent speeches such as we have listened to from Dr. Curry and Mr. Peabody. I have been listening to Dr. Curry from time to time for twenty years, and the note which he strikes grows sweeter with time. Soldier, scholar, statesman, diplomat, friend of education, we adopt him this day for all time as a citizen of North Carolina. (Hearty applause).

To our friend who comes to us from the throbbing heart of commerce in New York City, to look into your faces, and to give us cheer, I carry to him the best good wishes of all North Carolinians. We say this not for the gifts which he has made, but from the knowledge of the heart that beats behind the good deed that he has done. I take hope, and courage, and strength when friends from afar come among us to encourage us in the work which we have undertaken of educating all North Carolinians.

Did you ever stop to think why it was that we wrote the first Declaration of Independence, and sent more soldiers to the front than any other State in the Southern Confederacy, and that we charged furthest at Gettysburg? Ladies and gentlemen, the matter of liberty was a matter in which North Carolinians had been taught. Our forefathers came from the Huguenots, and came down from Virginia, and established themselves in isolated communities. They had no contact with the Old World, and settling on the sea-shore, and listening to the booming of the free ocean, looking up to God and to Him alone for strength, for power, and support, they learned to rely upon their own strong right arms, and the sturdiness of their own hearts, and the strength of their own minds. When oppression came, they had been sturdily drilled in self-reliance, and in love of independence, and hence they wrote the first Declaration of Independence. When the call to arms came, there was no son of North Carolina who had not learned at his mother's knee that it was his duty to die for his State, and that it was a shame to turn his back upon the enemy. It is in the things

in which we had been taught that we were strong. Therefore, recognizing the inherent strength of this North Carolina population, I say that if you will train us in mind, if you will promote the erection of colleges and schools, and these North Carolina people have the light turned into their minds, that there is no people upon whom the sun shines that can excel them in strength, and light, and power in every line of industry, and education, and art, and science; and I long to see the day when with universal education we shall enter into the race of commercial supremacy, and industrial freedom, when we shall write great books, and make great paintings, and we shall write the song that shall gladden the hearts of all people, and shall set to music the highest aspirations and the noblest hopes of the human mind.

I am always on the side of the weak. Up to this hour I had it in my heart to talk about the education of women, but everybody has got on that side now, and I must talk for the boys. We are needing teachers in North Carolina. I have been up and down the State, and I have found many school-houses in which the beautiful music of the studying of children could not be heard for the want of teachers. It used to be that the teachers were out hunting for places, but there has been a quickening in the State, and the places are hunting for teachers now. The price has not gone up yet, but it will. We are glad that you are preparing to become teachers, for I want you to teach all the boys in North Carolina, and somehow or other, a woman would rather teach a boy than a girl. And you are right, for do you know, that no man ever built a house for himself? Ah, when you take these dear women away, when men go out in army to fight battles, and separate from women, they don't live in houses; they may perchance live in tents, but those great heroes, Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee, slept on snow deeper than this on the ground today, with nothing but a single blanket to keep it off. When they build houses it is for the love of women, and I never see a home adorned and kept but what I say there is an evidence in brick and mortar, or in

wood, that some man loves some woman somewhere, and it is a very great and high mission to teach these men and make them stronger and better, that there may be more and better homes to keep the noble womanhood of North Carolina.

A man was speaking to me today of a school that had stood for forty or fifty years, with several hundred students, a High School, in a prosperous city, that had tumbled down and gone to decay, and within four or five blocks there were five churches that had cost from \$50,000 to \$100,000 each. Who built the churches? Some gentleman said the preachers. I said, "No; behind the preacher and the power that built those churches was the womanhood in the church; they built them." And if the womanhood of North Carolina will get behind the men of North Carolina and say that every child shall go into the schools, every child will go into the schools.

O, ladies and gentlemen, I ask you to take up the work. This task is not mine, if it was, I should quit it now, because I never willingly undertake a thing which I am incapable of doing. This task is too great for every man in North Carolina, but it is not half great enough to test the power, and the strength, and the ability of the courageous womanhood of the State.

PROF. VARDELL:

Young ladies, it moves me to look into your faces today, but I have no speech to make to you this afternoon. I came here to be with my friend and brother, Dr. McIver, to wish him God speed in this great work. He has been my friend in my trials, and my difficulties, in my work, and I have tried to be his friend in the same way, and while I have not been able to do much for him, he has done much for me; but I have done this, girls: I have often, when I have prayed for my school and for my girls, I have prayed for Dr. McIver and for his girls. While my hand is not strong, there is a hand stronger than mine, and I can always go to Him, and take this great work—the work of the State of North Carolina.

Yes, but behind the State of North Carolina is the great hand of our God, who is raising up for you these men, who are standing in the front and doing the great work, and a God who has always been a God to women, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, has always been a friend to women. As our Governor has called upon you to go out and work in the State, my prayer is that with all your preparation, with all your study, as you learn in that building to teach, remember the great Teacher of all teachers; take Him for your friend; take Him for your teacher; being taught by Him, you will teach others; being moved by Him, you will move others; and being filled with His spirit, nothing can stand against you.

PROF. CLAXTON:

As professor Claxton came forward, the students applauded long and loud.

Prof. Claxton said:

I want to say to the Governor that I am still a North Carolinian. This is a day that I have prayed for, like Moses who prayed that he might cross over the Jordan into the goodly land, I have prayed, and for ten years I have lookd forward to the day, bringing it near sometimes and seeing it vanish, when the work I was to do in this department should be done under circumstances suitable for it; and when last summer I came back from my summer's work in other parts of the State, and saw the foundation of this building, my heart leaped for joy. I then began to see realized, I thought, many dreams and many ambitions of doing the work worthy of this State, doing the work worthy of the cause, under conditions and circumstances that had not been developed. But like Moses of old, for your success I hope it is, I am not permitted to cross over; but, (turning to Prof. Foust) to Joshua I have said, "Be strong and of good courage."

I have loved this State, and I have put twenty years of my life, whatever it meant, into the greatest work ever undertaken by men

and women in this old State of our fathers, my own adopted State, and in that twenty years the tar has stuck to my heels, and I can't pull it loose. It is a good quality; by the way, one time I was speaking in the western part of this State, and I told the story that has been referred to here today, how the North Carolinians yonder at Gettysburg trudged up that long slope to death and immortality, and they charged. After I had concluded, an old man came to me and said, "I want to tell you a story. I was in a battle yonder in the wilderness, and charge after charge had been made on a certain corner, and a commander turned to a North Carolinian and said, 'John, do you think your tar heels can stick there?' He said, 'We can try, Sir,' and step by step, and foot by foot, and inch by inch, they charged against the flame and against the steel, and drove back the Federal army; their tar heels stuck, and they held the place." And so I imagine it is going to be in this battle that we are making now, and the victory will be a glorious one; and I do not count that I have gone out of the fight in North Carolina at all, but putting myself, I hope, in a position to help forward the fight more than I might have done here at this place. For now we are living in a glorious hour. It makes one's heart leap, who loves humanity, that the enlightened age is in the future and not in the past; we are in the beginning of a movement, the like of which we have as yet never seen, when men come together from a great scope of country, representing millions of people, uniting their hearts, and energies, and efforts for the great campaign, the uplifting of humanity. These campaigns are being planned. You will soon begin to hear the noise of the battle everywhere, from the Potomac and the Ohio to the sunny Gulf and the Rio Grande. In the great campaign of battles past that had as their attendants the cries and groans of the dying, and left the fields blasted and smoking; in these campaigns whose results were smoldering cities, destroyed bridges, ruined homes, poverty and desolation for generations to come, men have taken part, and we have honored them and glorified their names. In this campaign, which is not to leave

the ruined city, which is not to be attended by the cries and groans of the dying, but which instead is to build up a country, to have the smile of peace and shout of joy, that is to build up and be protective rather than destroy; men and women are to fight side by side for the redemption of the children. I know as surely as I know that I am standing here today, that within one or two more generations, every little child from the mountain coves yonder to the plains of the Mississippi Valley, shall have the opportunity to make the most of itself. The day will come when we shall recognize fully our great professed principles of democracy. Democracy means not freedom alone. Democracy means, always meant, an opportunity to each child, and the help from all the people who make up the government of which it is a part, to make the most of itself. We have in the past, as you all know, been careful about the head, that is about the few who have been the leaders. We have already educated the princes and rulers in our great democracy. Who is prince and who is ruler? Young men yonder in the field are rulers as much as any, for their ballot counts, and they are a part of the body politic; and if we must educate our rulers, we must educate them all. We have been particular even in our own State that we should lift a few high up, and they have fallen sometimes, and we have wondered why.

Did you ever think how it is that mountain peaks rise always from great plateaus? There are no great mountain peaks down here about Greensboro and Goldsboro. There is a lesson, I think, in that for us all. I remember as I passed up Black Mountain and saw the top of Mitchell's Peak, or Grandfather Mountain, that it seemed very high, and I went up on it, and it didn't seem so very high after all. It rose from a plateau that is nearly 2,000 feet higher than we are here. When I was crossing the Alps, suddenly there came into my view the white peak of Mt. Blanc, but it didn't seem to be so very high; it rises from a plateau that is higher than the highest point of Mitchell's Peak. So it is in North Carolina; we are learning a lesson; we are being made ready for a great campaign now for the uplifting of the mass of people.

Do you remember that great image that was seen in the vision, with its head of gold, and its arms and breast of silver, and its thighs of brass, and its feet of iron, mingled with clay? And you remember the little stone came down from the mountains and struck it on its feet, and the foot broke because it was mingled with clay? Then what became of the fine head of gold, the breast and arms of silver, and the thighs of brass? They fell and were crushed, and were driven away as the wind drives away the chaff of the summer threshing floor. That has been the history of old nations, proud nations, with their heads of gold, and arms of silver, and thighs of brass, but they had neglected the feet, and they were of clay, and whenever they have been struck, they toppled over. Democracy is learning this lesson, and glorious will it be for us if we learn it now, and make the foot, not of clay, but of iron and strong, so that whatever may strike us, we shall stand.

That building yonder that we have met here to dedicate, that shall ever be dear to my heart, and a great feature in the State of North Carolina, stands for much more than any of us, I think, can imagine. It is the place where you, young ladies, are to get that peculiar training that shall make you strong for your part of this battle. We call it the Practice and Observation School. It has not been ten years since people laughed at the idea of a practice school in North Carolina. The Legislature would not have thought of giving money to build it. It has not been five years since a man from a neighboring State, a professor in that State, went with me through this hall, and after I had showed him over the building, said to me, "May I ask you what is your part in this school?" I told him I was Professor of Pedagogy. He said, "What is that, anyhow?" "I try to teach the young women how to teach the best I know," I explained. He said, "That is a little bit funny; can't any young woman, who has a little bit of knowledge, and is good looking, teach anyhow?"

Those men yonder on the great battle-ships, Brooklyn and others, are training their men so that when the day comes that

others are hostile to us, their vessels may be sunk quickly in the ocean. It is good sense; it is a good investment of money. It was shown in our last war. That is the reason why we so quickly did the work, in two instances, for the Spanish navy. Our men had had the practice. And training for this question of teaching you need no less than did the boys on the ships need their training. No less than our armies and our navies must the teachers be trained for their work. You are not only the fighters; you are in a sense the seed corn of the next generation of this State. I was a farmer's boy, and I learned a lesson or two there. I remember how we used to save out the best ears of corn, with the biggest grains, and put them away during the winter, and in the spring we would take these, not to grind up and make bread, or feed to a favorite horse, but to take them to plant into the soil, to rot, to grow up, spring up into a new harvest. The day is coming when through all North Carolina, and through all these Southern States of ours that we love so much, that teachers in the school will be trained, and we shall build temples worthy of the presence of childhood.

The fact that that building stands there means that the State of North Carolina has determined to have trained teachers; and she is making up her mind to pay what women always have to pay for their own work, something like what its value is.

PROF. FOUST:

It is not my purpose to detain you longer. I do, however wish to express my appreciation at being in this presence, and at having been permitted to meet so many of the good people of Greensboro.

I esteem it a high honor to succeed the worthy gentleman, who, with so much wisdom and power, has presided over the Department of Pedagogy here, and I esteem it a higher honor to be connected with this noble institution, that has done, and is doing, so much for the uplifting and betterment of North Carolina. With

the establishment of this institution, our State, for the first time, puts into practical form the idea that special, professional training is absolutely necessary on the part of those to whom she commits the training of her children.

Knowing something of the high grade of work that has been done here, you can easily understand that I enter upon my duties with many misgivings. I feel that a high honor has been conferred upon me; yet I know, and you know, that every distinction of this kind brings with it a corresponding responsibility.

It is a serious matter to guide the little child; it is a much more serious matter to guide those who are to become teachers of these little children. Realizing then, the great responsibility that will rest upon me, as head of the Department of Pedagogy here, I wish to promise to this work all the power I have, both of heart and brain.

AMONG OURSELVES.

SALLIE E. KLUTZ, Editor.

On February twenty-first a memorial service was held in the College Chapel in honor of General Thomas F. Toon, late Superintendent of Public Instruction. Mr. Joyner read a sketch of the life of General Toon and also paid a personal tribute to the worth of the deceased, in which he said, "General Toon was a brave and gallant soldier, a virtuous citizen, a faithful public official, a devout Christian, a sensible and a whole-souled, unassuming gentleman."

At the close of the exercises the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, the students and faculty of The State Normal and Industrial College have learned with profound grief of the death of General T. F. Toon; and

Whereas, the distinguished services of the deceased throughout a long and useful career deserve to be held in grateful remembrance by his fellow citizens; and

Whereas, the zeal and efficiency shown by him as State Superintendent of Public Instruction and as President of the Board of Directors of this College, render it peculiarly fitting that we record our appreciation of his services; therefore be it

Resolved, First, That in the death of General Toon this College has lost an esteemed friend and adviser, the cause of education a zealous advocate, and the State one who served it well and faithfully.

Resolved, Second, That moved by a sense of personal loss, we extend to the members of the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy—while we rejoice with them that concerning him which is asleep, we "sorrow not, even as those which have no hope."

Resolved, Third, That in testimony of our esteem, we cause a copy of these resolutions to be published in the STATE NORMAL

MAGAZINE, a copy to be spread upon the faculty minutes, and a copy sent to the public press.

The appointment of Prof. J. Y. Joyner to succeed the late Gen. Thos. F. Toon as State Superintendent of Public Instruction meets with the warm approval of the best citizens of North Carolina.

In accepting the appointment, financially, Prof. Joyner makes a sacrifice, but the Governor and our leading educators agreed that no one else could so acceptably lead the educational forces of the State. It was from this view alone that Dr. McIver and the Executive Committee consented to release one whose loss will be sorely felt by our College.

It was thought that this great Institution, which is a part of the Public School System of the State, could not afford to be selfish in a time like this when so much depends on the administration of the State's school affairs.

Mr. Joyner has been in the public school work for fourteen years and prior to that time he taught in a private academy. He has conducted Teacher's Institutes in nearly every county in North Carolina and is conversant with the needs of the rural schools.

Not only as Professor of English in the State Normal and Industrial College will Prof. Joyner be missed, but in Greensboro—where he was identified with the best life and thought and where he took a lively interest in every thing pertaining to the welfare and advancement of the community—his departure is a misfortune.

For the remainder of the term Mr. Smith, Mrs. Randall and Miss Bond will have charge of the English Department.

It was indeed a rare treat to hear one single artist give so varied a programme as did Mr. Heink on the evening of February 7th. It is not often that such attainments are embodied in one musician. His playing was effective, delicate and brilliant and it is difficult to decide in which he most excels—as singer, pianist or composer. He especially won the enthusiasm of the audience by his rendition of the Ravina—a study for the left hand.

Some members of the Cornelian Literary Society invited their Adelpian sisters to dance with them on the evening of February 14th. The German was gracefully led by E. Austin with Miss Wil. Warder Steele, assisted by M. Castex with Miss Millie Archer. The souvenirs were hearts with cupids sketched on them and tied with the Cornelian colors, blue and gold. Fruit frappi and wafers were served during the evening. Every body declared the dance a success and the evening a most pleasant one.

What a bubble of excitement and delight there was among the Seniors, on the morning of the twenty-second of February! The Class of 1092 felt that life was worth the living with the prospect of a "Colonial Tea" in the evening, which the invitations issued by the Class of 1903, bade us come to celebrate, "Ye birthday of George Ye Grate." The reputation of this class had spread abroad and well we knew every delight which their progressive spirit and ingenious hand could devise, would be bestowed upon us.

But when promptly at nine o'clock, each "Colonial Dame" with a sweeping courtesy accepted the escort of a gallant member of the entertaining class, and was led to the reception-parlors, we could not but stand with "wonder and amaze" on the threshold to view the bright scene within. There were stately dames, and lovely, saucy maidens—Martha Washington, Mary Curtis, Penelope Penwick with other belles seemed to have come back from the long ago.

We at once threaded our way through the group of laughing dames and maidens to the receiving party, which consisted of Miss Bert. Albright, president of the Class of 1903, assisted by the presidents of the three other classes—Miss Noel, and Misses Nathalie Smith and Lelia Styron.

Miss Albright, costumed as Janice Meredith, with her usual grace and ease made a most charming hostess. In the course of the evening each of the guests were given a card, on which were written topics for conversation, concerning great characters and events of the "Colonial Period."

Woe to the ignorant ! Who could speak feelingly of Washington for five long minutes and not mention the " boy who never told a lie," but this was forbidden ground upon which no one dared venture. And really, it was too bad that we could not satisfy our friends' interest in " The Edenton Tea Party " ! Yet all was not lost, there was at least one among the invited guests who impressed the Juniors with her knowledge of historical events and characters. When the votes were taken for the most interesting conversationalist of the evening, Miss Beaman of the Class of 1902, was the young lady whom the Fates delighted to honor. The reward was very appropriate and was presented by Dr. McIver with a few happy remarks.

After the contest of wits, in which so many of us had failed dismally, to revive our drooping spirits, we were led into a most unique booth, where dainty refreshments were served. The beauty of the dining-parlor was greatly enhanced by rare flowers and the " Stars and Stripes," which were in evidence.

As the evening waned some one suggested that we have an old fashioned Virginia Reel. So indeed we did, and long will that varied, living picture linger in our minds when less happy ones have faded. All seemed loath to reckon the Colonial Tea as a pleasure of the past, but one glance at the clock reminded us of the fleeting hours and so after many sighs we passed with reluctant steps, from the scene of the most delightful event of the College season.

On March 1st, Dr. McIver lectured in All Saints Church, Richmond, Va., on " The Education of Women and Women's Opportunity as Citizens." The occasion was a meeting for the cause of education held under the auspices of the Richmond Educational Association.

Lately, the Vocal and Instrumental Music Departments have given two very delightful recitals. These departments have been

enlarged this year, and now the recitals are looked forward to with pleasure by the students and other friends who attend them.

The gentlemen of the faculty gave suppers complimentary to the retiring members, Profs. P. P. Claxton and George A. Grimsley, also to Prof. J. Y. Joyner. These gatherings were informal, and educational matters in general were discussed, or, *so we believe*.

Our College Orchestra and Glee Club furnished the music at the formal opening of the free public library.

On March 12th, the students and other friends of the feathered tribe met for the purpose of forming an Audubon Society. The objects of the organization are: the encouragement of bird study in the public schools of North Carolina, and the securing of more effectual legislation for the protection of birds. Prof. Smith made a few introductory remarks, after which Prof. T. Gilbert Pearson gave a short address, in which he called our attention to the usefulness of birds and the way we have repaid them. The Society starts out with quite a good list of charter members, including some of the leading business and professional men of the State. The officers elected were: Mr. J. Y. Joyner, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, President; Prof. Pearson, Vice-President; Mr. Walter Thompson, of the Greensboro Public Schools, Treasurer; Miss Annie Petty, Secretary; Miss Bessie Hagwood, First Assistant Secretary; Miss Neita Watson, Second Assistant Secretary. The following were elected honorary Vice-Presidents: President McIver, President Venable, President Lucy H. Robertson, Mrs. Mary Cartland; Superintendent Crowell, of High Point; Superintendent Tomlinson, of Winston; Superintendent Broadhurst, of Greensboro, and Prof. J. I. Hamaker, of Trinity.

Dr. E. A. Alderman, president of Tulane University, New Orleans, stopped here to confer with Dr. McIver concerning plans for the work of the Southern Education Board. At the request of the members of the Cornelian Literary Society, of which Dr.

Alderman is a charter member, he gave a very interesting and instructive talk to the students.

The two Literary Societies of the College have organized an association, the purpose of which is to work for the improvement and beautifying of the public school buildings in the State. Already among the students there are about two hundred and fifty members. In every county in North Carolina there are about twenty-five former students of this College, and it is believed the organization can do much good along the lines suggested.

On the afternoon of April 3rd, the Lehigh University Glee and Mandoline Clubs gave a concert in the Assembly Hall. Owing to some misunderstanding, it was not generally known that they would be here that afternoon, so the audience was small. But what was lacking in quantity was made up in quality. "The music was grand, perfectly splendid, fine," the girls were heard to say in the hall while the young men were leaving. The musicians were very much at ease, and seemed to appreciate the hearty applause of the audience. There were ten selections on the programme, but we got only about fifteen. The concert closed with a yell for the State Normal and Industrial College. We enjoyed it all, and hope that they will come again on their next southern trip when we promise them a warmer reception.

Prof. Brockmann entertained the College Orchestra at his home, on the evening of March 27th.

One Tuesday morning of late, each member of the Freshman Class, whether she had already thought of the fact or not, was reminded that All Fools' day was just beginning, and that if she would not fall a victim to some practical joke she must keep her eyes open and her wits together; not but that she always does this, for cleverness is one of the characteristics of Freshmen in general, but heretofore she had had to deal with only Sophomores, Juniors

and Seniors, while today, one of her own sisterhood might deem it excusable to make her the object of some sportive trick. However, not much fear was felt as to the outcome of the day, for she felt that whatever might come would have something of its own element to contend with.

The reminder was in the form of a scroll of paper prettily tied with a delicate blue ribbon and on which was written the following invitation, which, it is hardly necessary to say, was gladly accepted:

“ Saturday night in the ‘ Paradise of Fools ’
The home of the Freshmen in nearly all schools ;
The Sophomores will await you from nine until eleven
In that place which is known unto you as your heaven ;
But if there is no one to answer your knocks
Dare not be timid, but enter in flocks
And —— carefully follow the signs.”

The days flew by and nine o'clock Saturday night found the Freshmen on their way in search of the “ Paradise of Fools,” which turned out to be none other place than the college building, and which it must be admitted, was much more attractive as the home of fools than as the home of sensible every-day people. Near the door stood a “ fool ” and by her side was a heap of fools' caps, from which she took one and placed on the head of each new comer as she entered. The hall was hardly recognizable, for in addition to the usual number of pictures on the walls, there were many new ones, profusely decorated with greens for the occasion; and little heaps of pine boughs had likewise been scattered about amongst the cushions and sofas and rocking chairs that were arranged along either side of the hall. Dr. McIver and Miss Kirkland themselves were by no means the least conspicuous of the throng of busy-bodies which soon assembled, each one clamoring for a partner whom she was to know by means of the half-word on her cap, which formed the “ complement ” of the letters on her own.

When the partners had all been found, the door of an adjoining room was thrown open, and after the entire company had been

tempted within by the sound of music, one of the "fools," oddly dressed in short skirts, red stockings, black cape and fool's cap, mounted a chair in the centre of the room and brought the assembly to order by tapping on a column with a stick, decorated with ribbons and small bells. Then she gave to each one a small paper sack, and at a signal the whole company rushed out into the hall, where each one was either disregarding or forgetful of the sign worn on her cap, for the lazy hunted not for rest and the active not for work, the bold not for conspicuousness and the modest not for retirement, the foolish not for fun and even the wise not for wisdom, but one and all, urged on by the desire to win the prize—offered to the one who should be so lucky as to find the greatest number—diligently joined in the search for ground peas which were hidden in every imaginable nook and corner, under the sofas, beneath the heaps of pine needles and even behind the pictures on the wall. Ten minutes ended the search and when the peanuts had been counted Miss Elizabeth Powell was announced as the lucky one, but the unfortunate found consolation in feasting on the peanuts and dividing with a less fortunate neighbor who perhaps did not find a single one.

But if all this had been delightful, something still better was in store for the happy merry-makers, for now they were ushered into a recitation room at the end of the hall, but one from which every trace of the school room had been blotted out as if by a fairy's hand, so that there was nothing to call to the minds of the happy participants the ghost of some unlearned lesson. In the centre of the room was a large table, around which were grouped a dozen or more smaller ones, and all were strewn with the most fragrant violets. There were the saucers of ice-cream and there were the small cakes of all shapes, representing animals of every description, from the elephant to the mouse. There were the rhinceros, the bear, the lion, the tiger, the donkey, the dog, and any other animal that you might choose to name; in fact, each table was loaded with a menagerie of its own, but one which quickly disappeared before the healthy appetites of the spectators.

Time happily spent always passes rapidly, and when supper was ended every one was astonished to see that the hands of the old clock pointed to half past eleven. The company now broke up and scattered to their various rooms, the Sophomores to think of what a pleasant task it is to entertain the Freshmen, the Freshmen to dream sweet dreams of her older and very dear sister, the Sophomore; and once again King Quiet was left to rule with undisputed sway over the "Paradise of Fools."

CARRIE LILLY, '05.

The two Societies have nominated the following young ladies to Dr. McIver to act as marshals for the coming year:

Chief: Nettie Leete Parker, Buncombe County.

Assistants: Cornelians—Christina Snyder, Port Gibson, N. Y.; Mary Horne Bridgers, Edgecombe County; Ida Satterwhite, Vance County; Lucile Foust, Forsyth County; Daisy Lee Randle, Chatham County.

Adelphians—Mary I. Ward Buncombe County; Laura Craige Kirby, Wake County; Berta May Albright, Alamance County; Sudie Harding, Pitt County; Wil Warder Steele, Buncombe County.

The present outlook is that our plans concerning the proposed Student's Building will be carried out. The subscription list has been for some time about seven thousand dollars. Recently, at a mass-meeting of the students, over two thousand dollars were subscribed, bringing the amount in subscriptions up to very nearly ten thousand dollars. This subscription represents an average contribution of about five dollars for each student, and is a most commendable exhibition of liberality. A committee has been appointed to consider plans for the building, and arrangements will be completed without delay. It is a decided fact now that when our former students and friends come to Commencement we will lay the corner-stone of a twenty thousand dollar building.

The following notice sent out by Dr. McIver is of interest to every woman teacher in the Public Schools of North Carolina:

WOMEN TEACHERS OFFERED AN INSTITUTE OF ONE MONTH AT
THE STATE NORMAL COLLEGE.

To the Public School Teachers of North Carolina:

The authorities of The State Normal and Industrial College, desiring to render every possible service to the educational interests of the State, have decided to offer women teachers an institute of one month.

This is intended especially for those teachers who desire to better equip themselves for their work, but who for various reasons, are unable to pursue the full course.

A matriculation fee of \$5 will be charged, which will entitle the person paying the same to all lectures, library privileges, use of text-books, etc. The only additional expense will be for board and laundry, both of which will not cost more than \$3 a week.

In the department of Pedagogy, lectures on the best methods of teaching all the common school studies will be given, and the students will have an opportunity to spend some time in the Practice and Observation School.

In addition, lecture and laboratory work will be offered in the different departments of science.

Besides the regular faculty of The State Normal and Industrial College, we shall have with us several city superintendents and other prominent educators to deliver special lectures.

The Institute will begin April 29th and close May 24th.

If it is your intention to avail yourself of this opportunity, or if you desire further information, please write to

CHARLES D. MCIVER, *President.*

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

We are happy to say that the Athletic Association has improved since last Fall. The attendance has been better and the meetings more interesting. We have recently had several additions to our membership, but we are sorry to know that there are yet many students who do not belong to this Association. It has control of all Athletics in the College, and before one may take an active part in basket ball or tennis, she must belong to this organization.

Dr. McIver has promised us one hundred dollars each year for Athletics, provided we use the amount properly. We needed this money and deserved it. Now we may look forward to renewed interests in our contests.

At a recent meeting Miss Daphne Carraway presented us with a handsome set of croquet. We appreciate her gift most gratefully. This game will be especially welcome to the girls who do not play basket ball or tennis.

The Freshmen and Sophomore regular basket ball teams have been organized, and we urge the Junior and Senior teams to do likewise.

The Tournament which takes place in May is not very far off, and we must practice if we mean to be successful. When we have these practices, come out to them, since by so doing you encourage the players.

SELMA C. WEBB, '04.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The regular monthly Missionary Meeting of the Association was held January 12th, the subject being "Africa."

The following Thursday evening Rev. Edgar Gardner Murphy, who was visiting our College, addressed the students at their prayer-meeting service.

Miss Josephine Coit conducted the Sunday evening service of January 19th, speaking appropriately on "Examinations."

The last Sunday in January, Rev. C. E. Hodgkin of Greensboro, preached for us.

We have had the pleasure of a visit from Miss Mabel Milham, the Traveling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. The weather did not permit many to venture to church that day and she addressed the students both in the morning and evening.

Prof. Smith gave us a most interesting address, and Dr. S. B. Turrentine of Greensboro, preached for us during this month.

The March Missionary Meeting was conducted by Miss Laura Coit, who gave her report as a delegate to the Volunteer Convention at Toronto.

One of the best sermons our Association has been privileged to hear was by Rev. Louis G. Wood, of Burlington, N. C., who was with us March 15.

Miss Frances Bridges, the Traveling Secretary of the Southern division of the Y. W. C. A., spent a week with us, beginning with March 21st. The night of Miss Bridges' arrival, the Association gave a reception in her honor, when all the students were given an opportunity of meeting her. The officers of the Greensboro Female College Association were invited to be present. Miss Bridges and the receiving party stood in the administration room, which was tastefully decorated with potted plants. After meeting Miss Bridges, the girls spent a pleasant evening in games and music. We feel as if the spiritual life of the Association has been greatly strengthened by her visit, and it is our prayer to "Remember Jesus Christ" in our lives more fully than ever before.

Wednesday evening, March 26th, Rev. E. Mack Davis told us of his work in the mountain region of our State.

Miss May N. Blodgett of Detroit, Mich., who has been teaching the Bible in the cities and colleges of the South, spent two days with us, addressing the Association twice, and teaching one of our

Bible classes on Easter Sunday. We regret that we could not keep her longer.

The Toronto Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement.

The region of the Great Lakes is one of the most beautiful and interesting sections of our North American continent, and many of our large commercial enterprises find here their trade centre.

Two cities of this region, Detroit and Cleveland, have been the points chosen for the gathering of the Student Volunteers of the United States and Canada in their quadrennial Missionary Conventions. This year Toronto was the appointed place, and the time February twenty-sixth to March third.

To the delegates from a distance, the trip was in itself a most enjoyable experience. We North Carolinians had the opportunity of seeing glimpses of a number of the most important cities of our Atlantic States. We were fortunate enough to have a most satisfactory visit to Niagara Falls, and while there we enjoyed to the full that wonder of nature which possesses a fascination all its own.

Having crossed the line into Canada under the scrutinizing gaze of the Customs inspector, we sped along over the snow-covered fields round the western end of Lake Ontario to Toronto, that beautiful city, the capital of the province of Ontario and its educational and religious centre—truly a city of colleges and churches.

Immediately upon our arrival, we called at the Registration Bureau, where we found to what homes we had been assigned, then hastened to Massey Music Hall, where we found four thousand people giving their undivided attention to Mr. John R. Mott while he reported for the Executive Committee the last four years' work of the Student Volunteer Movement. We soon felt quite at home as a part of that vast assembly of students. We were sensible of a wonderful unity of purpose, and knew that before us rose great doors of opportunity, open doors, which the need of men, women and little children was summoning each of us to enter.

From first to last, through the many messages from many speakers came clear-cut the cardinal truths of the kingdom of heaven as taught by Jesus Christ.

From such speakers as Prebendary H. E. Fox of England, Bishop Thoburn of India, Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor of China, Willis R. Hotchkiss of Africa, Mr. Robert E. Speer of New York, Right Rev. M. S. Baldwin, Bishop of Huron, Mr. John R. Mott, whom all lands claim, we learned of the progress of the gospel in non-Christian lands, and of our responsibility in relation thereto.

As it is impossible within the limits of such an article as this to give anything but the most general impressions, I must give to my readers what seemed to me to be the meaning of this great gathering of student forces.

As some one has well said, the great Ecumenical Conference was largely historical, while the Student Volunteer Convention was prophetic. There were present at Toronto those upon whom, humanly speaking, will rest largely the development of missionary enterprises for some time to come. The fact that this is essentially a student movement and has such a well-equipped educational department, is very significant.

Throughout the Convention special emphasis was laid upon the necessity for the use of common-sense business principles in mission work, both in the preparation of the worker and in the work on the field. The business management of the details of the Convention, the preparation of the program and the carrying out of the same, was an effective object lesson, proving beyond a doubt that those in charge practiced what they preached.

The evangelization of the world in this generation is a work which calls for the best equipped men and women; the need is urgent; the responsibility rests personally upon each individual Christian; our resources are adequate; the fullness of the time is here, and the world's great need is waiting to be satisfied—waiting until obedient human wills shall place themselves in line with the clearly revealed will of God.

When, on the closing night of the Convention, one hundred and twelve volunteers for service in foreign fields rose to their feet and stated, one by one, their purpose to go within twelve months to China, to Japan, to India, to Ceylon, to Africa, because they had been bidden so to do, all hearts turned instinctively to the Captain of our Salvation who gives the command "Follow me," and a tide of thankfulness filled our innermost being.

Never did the world seem so small as when on that night cablegrams received from Scandinavia, Germany, Japan, China, India, and other countries included in the World's Christian Student Federation, spoke to us of the prayerful, expectant interest taken in our gathering by those who were even then on the "firing line." Intimate friends of these workers were present with us and by personal testimony bore witness to the fact that mission fields constantly bear most encouraging fruit.

As a result of this Convention, we believe there has come a clearer perception of duty and a strengthened purpose to live up to our high calling in Christ Jesus.

LAURA HILL COIT, '96.

COMING AND GOING.

Miss Helen Gould, with a party of friends, who have been making a tour of the South, stopped with us on Tuesday, February 25th, and spent the afternoon at the College.

Miss Gould, who is among our foremost women citizens, is known not only as a woman of wealth, but as a gentlewoman of great goodness. She was presented to us in the Chapel by our President. After the introduction Miss Gould expressed her pleasure in meeting the students and faculty. Later, at an informal reception on the rostrum, by her simple and unassuming manner, and by her friendly cordiality, she made a pleasant impression upon those who met her. The party was entertained at a luncheon, where light refreshments were served by the students of the Domestic Science Department.

We highly appreciate two pictures presented to us by Miss Gould since her visit. They are, "Reading from Homer," and "The Coliseum," both photogravure reproductions from Alma Tadema's famous paintings. They hang in the main entrance hall of the College building where all may enjoy and profit by their beauty and artistic worth. Our collection of pictures is not large, and these handsome additions are sources of pleasure and congratulation.

Maggie Perry, of Wilkesboro, a member of the Class of 1895, has returned to take work in the Practice and Observation School.

Mrs. Archer, of Chapel Hill, has been with her daughter for a few days recently.

Mrs. E. E. McDowell and children, of Asheville, stopped for a short while with the former's sister, Cora Stockton.

Rev. Mr. Noe, of Beaufort, spent several days observing in the Practice and Observation School.

Miss Kirkland went to Raleigh last month to attend May Crow's wedding. She was away from us about a week.

Mrs. C. P. Albright, of Graham, was in Greensboro for a few days and spent one afternoon with her daughter.

Miss Lucy Steele, of New York City, spent several hours with her sister, Wil Warder Steele, on her return from Asheville.

Mrs. Randle, of Pittsboro, was with her daughter for a day or two.

Miss Laura Coit was sent by the Y. W. C. A. as a representative to the Convention at Toronto. She was away about a week. We are glad to be able to present Miss Coit's paper about the great gathering.

Miss Mary Gilmer Grier, of Harrisburg, and Mrs. Joe Person, of Kittrell, paid us a visit and went through the College buildings.

Kate Moffitt, Wilmington, "one of us," came back to spend a few days with her friend, Mat Griffin.

Susie and Jessie Williams, Daphne Carraway and Rosa Wills spent Easter in Reidsville.

Mrs. R. T. Harris, of Reidsville, spent several days with her cousin, Daphne Carraway.

Miss Mattie Lanier, of Marion, visited her niece, Mat Griffin.

Mr. E. H. Fuller, of Richmond, while in town, had his niece, Agnes McBrayer, to visit him at the Guilford.

Mrs. A. M. Coit, of Salisbury, spent several days with her daughter, Miss Josephine Coit.

Clara Spicer spent a few days with relatives in Winston.

Elizabeth Rawls went home last week to get her "Easter bonnet."

Mrs. Hankins, who spent several days with her sister-in-law, Ida Hankins, made us all wish we were somebody's bride.

Mr. J. K. Coit has been a visitor of his sister, Miss Laura Coit, for several days.

Mildred Davis spent Easter in Richmond with friends.

Alice Farish's sister stopped over and spent one night with her lately.

Mamy Benton, of Winston, has been visiting Edna Rhinehardt.

Ellen Ogburn spent the night with Ellie Copeland.

Mrs. D. Matt Thompson, of Statesville, spent the day with Mrs. Davis recently.

Superintendent E. McK. Goodwin, of the North Carolina School for the white Deaf and Dumb, at Morganton, was the guest of Dr. McIver and Prof. Joyner for several days.

Mrs. F. H. Brooks, of Smithfield, stopped over with Nettie Parker for a short while on her return from Asheville.

Mr. D. G. Ward, of Asheville, spent Sunday with his sister, Mary Ward.

Sallie Whitaker, Charlotte Webb, Grace Tomlinson, Lizzie Rawls, Lossie Slocumb and Kate Poindexter spent Easter in Winston.

CURRENT EVENTS.

ANNETTE I. MORTON.

In addition to all the other uses to which Marconi claims that his system of wireless telegraphy may be put, he also says that by its use collision accidents on railroads may be rendered impossible. He says, too, that engines may be equipped with his apparatus at an expense less than that of any other form of safety devices or signals. By the use of this system engineers may discover the presence of another train over a half mile away.

A Michigan man has been experimenting in the use of wireless telephones as a means of communication between moving trains. He claims that by the use of his system messages have been distinctly heard at a distance of several miles in spite of the roar of the cars. The local capitalists of Norfolk, Va., have also been experimenting with these telephones in the vicinity of that city with a view to putting them into practical application. It is the intention of the company to put in a plant operating between Norfolk and Newport News across the waters of Hampton Roads. The experiments thus far, it is believed, have proved reasonably successful, and the plan is thought possible.

A French scientific journal states that a Chilian botanist has discovered a plant which not only breathes, a fact well established by botanists, but also coughs and sneezes. The slightest particle of dust which alights on its leaves provokes a cough. The leaf becomes red and a spasmodic movement passes over it several times in succession, while it gives out a sound precisely like that of sneezing.

A remarkable theory has recently been propounded by an American physician. His idea is that expired air contains organic matter, which if retained in the lungs and absorbed by the blood

vessels, prevents the growth of the hair and causes it to fall out. The fact that men are more subject to baldness than women, is accounted for by the fact that men being abdominal breathers, do not wholly empty the air cells of their lungs, while women, whose respiration is costal, develop little of the poison contained in this air, and hence have luxuriant hair.

A novel form of conveyance has been devised by an electric engineer, Hippolyte Romanoff, of Russia. This invention is a mono-rail hanging car, by which he claims it is possible to travel two hundred miles an hour, cheaply, easily and comfortably.

Trials have been made on a small experimental road near St. Petersburg, and Romanoff is now planning to build a railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow, a distance of about four hundred and fifty miles. The inventor says that his trains will make the trip in three and one-half hours, including stops. The passenger trains used now, and which make fifty miles an hour, take thirteen hours to make this distance; the fare being \$12.50, first class. The designer of this electric railway says he will cut this fare in half and still pay his backers twenty per cent. on their investments, as the traffic between these two cities is tremendous.

The rails of the track are supported by T-shaped columns, the carriages being suspended in the air and propelled by wheels running along the rails. An electric feed-wire runs parallel with the rail.

A Chicago inventor claims to have discovered a process by which, with the use of electricity, steel sheets may be cut as easily as a knife will cut cheese.

A telephone cable is being laid across the English channel, and soon the citizens of England will be calling "hello!" to their friends in Brussels and Antwerp.

It is reported that on the night of January 10th, Mount Redoubt,

a volcano in Alaska, which for fifteen years has emitted steam and smoke, broke out in a violent eruption, throwing large rocks, white with heat, miles into the air. The country within a radius of ninety miles was covered with ashes.

Of the ten coal-producing States of the South, West Virginia stands at the head of the list. During the year 1901 this State produced 22,759,911 tons of coal. Alabama comes next, her output being over 9,000,000 tons. North Carolina has produced the smallest supply, her output being only 8,796 tons.

The dairying and poultry business of America are rapidly increasing in popularity. According to the census of 1900, the sale of dairy products amounted to nearly \$500,000,000, while that of poultry and eggs brought nearly \$300,000,000.

The new Astor House to be built in New York will be ten stories high, and will cost \$5,000,000.

Miss Helen Gould, besides freely giving her money for other benevolent purposes, supports an institution for the care of the poor children of New York. It is said she will shortly take up her residence on the east side in order that she may be nearer her work and in closer touch with her wards.

The bill abolishing the war tax cuts down our national revenue about \$70,000,000. This reduction gives the anti-tariff revisionists an excuse for not reducing the tariff.

A bill for the establishment of a permanent census bureau has been duly passed by both houses of congress and signed by the President. About eight hundred clerks, it is said, will be required in the organization of this bureau, and these will be drawn from the census force still occupied with the unfinished business of the great census taking of 1900. This bureau will promote both economy and efficiency in our decennial count of the population and in

other statistical tasks that we have come to associate with census work.

On March 1st, the senate passed an irrigation bill which was generally approved by the members. The measure will be incalculable in its results. The bill stipulates that with a few exceptions, (chief of which is the five per cent. school fund), the proceeds of the sales of all public lands in sixteen of our western States and Territories, are to be devoted to the purpose of irrigating the arid lands in these sections. As fast as these lands can be reclaimed by irrigation they can be sold by the government at good prices, and the proceeds will replenish the reclamation fund, thus providing for still further irrigation projects. In this way a great agricultural empire may be created in a region which now is almost a desert. It is believed that the House will uphold this measure which all parties have defended in their platforms and which the President supported in his message.

The new Philippine Tariff Bill was signed by the President on March 8th. It was carried through congress after much debating, especially in the senate, and divide both houses very nearly on party lines. The new law says that merchandise coming into the United States from the Philippines, shall pay a duty of 25 per cent. less than that coming from other countries, and that all such duties collected in our ports shall be turned over to the Philippine treasury.

Authorities at Washington have decided upon May 20th, as the date for the withdrawal of our troops from Cuba. The government will then be turned over to the Cubans, and President Estrado Palma will assume the duties of his office on that day. With North Carolinians, the Cubans may celebrate May 20th, Mecklenburg Declaration Day, as their Independence Day. Congress will be asked to declare May 20th, Cuba's birthday, a legal holiday, and before long the Cubans will be expecting us to use the old fireworks left over from their celebration.

Secretary Long has at last resigned from the navy. By special request he waited until the Schley case had been disposed of. Hon. William H. Moody of Haverhill, Mass., who, for seven years has been a member of congress, has been chosen as his successor.

Emperor William of Germany, has ordered a new yacht in the service of the admiralty at Wilhelmshaven, to be named for Miss Alice Roosevelt.

It is estimated that the Americans are paying annually for their beverages \$1,273,212,304. Nearly \$1,100,000,000 of this amount is for alcoholic drinks, and \$178,568,231 for coffee, tea and cocoa.

One of the greatest aids to the industrial expansion of the United States is the increase in the number and efficiency of its inventions and appliances for the saving of labor and improvement in the manufacture of our goods. During the year 1901 alone, 27,373 patents were issued by the Patent Office, and many more were applied for.

The commissioners of the District of Columbia have sent notice to the governors of all the States, asking them to urge an amendment to the constitution, changing the date of inauguration. Though no date has, as yet, been suggested by the commissioners, the general opinion is that there should be a return to the original date, April 30th, that being the date upon which Washington was first inaugurated as President. The main reason for changing the date, arises from the fact that March is the most disagreeable month of the year in Washington, while the latter part of April is probably the pleasantest season.

The Pension Appropriation Bill recently passed by the House of Representatives, carried \$146,000,000. It is stated that Great Britain, in recent years, has not paid above six million dollars annually in pensions.

The River and Harbor Bill, appropriating \$60,688,267, has been passed by the senate. Galveston harbor gets a very large appropriation, but North Carolina has been shamefully treated.

The Bill to Protect the President of the United States against anarchists, has been passed by the senate, but the measure has not yet been acted on by the house of representatives. The bill directs the Secretary of War to detail from the regular army a body guard to protect the President.

It has been decided by the President that his daughter, Miss Alice Roosevelt, will not attend the coronation of King Edward, since she can not go as any other young American lady might. It seems that in England she would have to assume an official station which would be out of keeping with our Republican ideas. It is also reported that an invitation is on the way from the German Emperor and Empress to visit them should she go to the coronation.

The gifts of John D. Rockefeller, so far as known, amount to \$13,363,784. Of this nearly \$10,000,000 has gone to the Chicago University, \$1,000,000 for parks at Cleveland; over \$1,000,000 to theological seminaries, missions and other causes of the Baptist Church; and the remainder to various institutions of learning.

Mrs. C. P. Huntington has given \$250,000 to the Harvard Medical School, to found a laboratory of Pathology and Bacteriology, in memory of her late husband. Mr. J. P. Morgan has promised to give this school three buildings costing in all over \$1,000,000. Mr. Rockefeller and others have also made liberal gifts to this institution.

It is reported that the late Mrs. S. P. Lees of New York, the generous friend of so many of our southern institutions, left \$60,000 to be used for the benefit of the Confederate veterans.

As an evidence of the educational awakening throughout our coun-

try, organizations are continually being formed for the promotion of better educational conditions in all sections. At present the widest and most important field for their activity is in the South. The Southern Educational Board is doing a great work here, and still another agency with funds at its disposal, has recently made its appearance. This new organization bears the name of the General Educational Board. It will co-operate not only with the Southern Educational Board, but also with other well established agencies, such as the Slater and Peabody Boards, and will also work in sympathy with the public school systems of the South. Philanthropic men behind it have assured it of at least one million dollars to be used in its work. Mr. William H. Baldwin, Jr. of the Long Island Railroad system, has been elected Chairman. In this work Mr. Baldwin will have the hearty co-operation of Dr. Buttrick of Albany, N. Y., who has resigned his charge in that city to become Secretary of the Board. Among the other members are Dr. J. L. M. Curry, President D. C. Gilman, Mr. Robert C. Ogden, and Mr. Geo. Foster Peabody, who is also Treasurer.

One of the questions most agitated in the Philippines at present has to do with the admission of Chinese labor into the islands. Governor Taft recommends the free admission of skilled labor, even if common labor is to be excluded. The question is complicated with that of the renewal of our own Chinese exclusion act.

Secretary Root is now arranging for the gradual reduction of our military forces in the Philippines to about 32,000 men. About 13,000 troops will be permitted to return home. Those which have been longest in the island will be sent home first.

Two cases of cholera have occurred in the Bulibid prison at Manila. Consequently, all the prisoners there have been discharged and will be taken to a detention camp, and quarantined there. Many cases have developed in the city, and about six-sevenths of them have proved fatal.

Jacob A. Riis, newspaper man, philanthropist, and author of "How the Other Half Lives," and "The Making of an American," will doubtless be the first governor of the Danish West Indies. Several names have been presented to the President, but he is known to be strongly in favor of Mr. Riis. Mr. Roosevelt is said to have made this remark concerning Mr. Riis: "He is the most useful citizen of New York." Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Riis were co-laborers in the cleansing of New York City politics. Mr. Riis is a Dane by birth, and is said to possess a thorough knowledge of the customs and characteristics of the people of the Danish West Indies.

The most tangible result of the Pan-American conference, which ended February 1st, was the decision on the part of all the South American powers to join the United States and Mexico in their adherence to the Hague treaty, providing a method for voluntary arbitration between nations. Some practical reforms, such as the simplification of the administration of customs laws and of such matters as port dues and regulations, will doubtless come from the conference. The project called the Pan-American railway was discussed with much enthusiasm, as was also a project for the establishment of an international bank with branches which would conduct business in the western hemisphere.

One of the most interesting matters discussed at this conference was the connecting of the three great navigable river systems of South America, namely, the Amazon, Orinoco and La Platte, by artificial links, which would make it possible for freight steamers to reach most points in the interior of the continent. One of the resolutions adopted at Mexico provides for the holding of a conference at Rio de Janeiro within a year, to consider the subject, which is one of absorbing interest to geographers, and which has commercial possibilities that the bold leaders of modern commerce are capable of appreciating.

March 25th marked the passing away of Cecil Rhodes, the South

African genius, often called "the colussus of Rhodes," because of his gigantic schemes in the dark continent. He was the premier of Cape Colony, the richest man in Africa, and in reality, its lord. As manager of the Imperial South Africa Company, his uncompromising ambition was ever to extend the power and the possessions of the company northward to Zambesi, and to establish the grandest and richest of the British possessions abroad.

From a poor boy, Cecil Rhodes grew to be the uncrowned king of Africa, and by his shrewdness, foresight and matchless executive ability, built up a fortune of \$30,000,000, or more. He was largely instrumental in breaking the power of the savage tribes, and in placing the British flag over Becuanaland and other immense tracts. He developed the gold mines of the Transvaal and the diamond mines of Kimberly. He organized the Jameson raid, and was a potent factor in framing the British policy, through Joseph Chamberlain, that forced the Boers to take up arms. By consolidating the diamond companies in the mining districts he advanced the price of these stones in the world's marts; and through his untiring efforts and comprehensive management, the power of Great Britain has slowly but surely marched northward. One of his pet schemes, a railroad line from Cape Colony to Cairo, is partly carried out.

During his illness Mr. Rhodes is said to have had his work continually on his mind, and he lamented the fact that he had left so much unaccomplished. "So little done, so much to do," was an expression which often passed his lips.

It is thought that a great portion of Mr. Rhodes' immense fortune will be expended in the development of the empire of South Africa. His will provided for the establishment of many colonial scholarships at Oxford. Two scholarships are to be given to each of the present States and Territories of the United States, and five to students of German birth. These German scholarships are to be nominated by Emperor William. His object in providing these scholarships was to unify the three great nations of the world: England, America and Germany.

A VISIT TO THE ALUMNAE AND FORMER STUDENTS IN WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

DAISY LEE RANDLE, Editor.

In contemplating a visit to our former students, scattered over the State, we knew that the field was too broad for one visit, and it was hard to decide where to go, but as we had never been in the western part of the State, we decided that this would be a good opportunity to see our thriving western towns, and at the same time to see our girls who are teaching in them. So the early morning train started us on our western trip. We knew that we would find our girls at almost every station on the way, so we had no fear of getting lost, or falling among strangers.

Our first stop was at High Point, and here we found Kate Davis, Auvila Lindsay, Nettie Garvin, Carrie Webster, and Cary Ogburn, teaching in the Graded Schools.

At Salisbury we found Daisy Allen, Laura Sanford, Annie Wetmore, Eleanor Watson, Mary Milam, Isabel Brown, and Lottie Eagle. Two of our girls, Kate Moore and Minnie Huffman, are teaching in Statesville. At Newton, in Catawba College, we were so glad to see Bertha Herman and Mary Kelly, who has just gone from our business department to take the place of Margie Whitfield, who has gone home. Mattie Cochrane is teaching in Newton. Although we did not see Rosa Rowe, we hear that she is teaching at McCrae; also Lucy Fry, at Crescent; and Pearl Gall, at Maiden. Mary Rowe and Oberia Rogers have gone to Texas, the former to teach, and the latter on a visit. As we passed on through Hickory we were glad to see our friends, Mrs. E. B. Cline and Mamie Dixon.

Mabel and Carrie Haynes are both in the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Morganton, and Minnie Farthing is teaching in the country, in Burke county. As we passed through McDowell county we heard of Fannie and Laura Crawford, and Nannie McCall teaching in the county.

As Asheville was our destination, we did not go further, but spent several days with Bessie Moody, Frances Settle, Grace Scott, Ellen Barker, Sue Porter and Emma Bernard, who are teaching in the Asheville Graded Schools; and Sudie Israel, Kittie Rolins, Ada Gudger Cox, Lottie Cobb, and Edith Randolph, who are at home. While there we heard of a great many of our girls who are teaching in the surrounding counties. Elsie Gwynn, in Waynesville; Annie Shelton, in Haywood county; Eliza Ewart, at Weaverville; and Etta Lance, who has been teaching for several years, is at her home in Henderson county this year. Lillian Miller is at her home, Soda Hill, Watauga county; Emma Beard is teaching at Valle Crucis; Emma Mast in Watauga Academy, in Boone county. On our return home we came by Shelby and Charlotte. At Shelby we found Frances Eskridge teaching, Fannie Barnet, stenographer, and Jessie Eskridge Ramseur at home. Even in the bustling city of Charlotte we were perfectly at home, for we were met at the depot and kindly welcomed by Bertha Donnelly, Francis Harris, Woodfin Chambers and Lelia Tuttle, who are teaching in the city schools. Mary Detwiler, of Charlotte, resigned her position as stenographer for Mr. Robert L. Durham, of Gastonia, and a few weeks ago accepted a position with Mr. J. Lawrence Beale, not as stenographer, however, but as partner for life. We wish them both much success and happiness in this partnership.

Though it was somewhat out of our way, we could not resist the temptation to make a short visit to Lee McNeely, Birdie McKinny, Bulus Bagby and Sue Nash, in the Monroe Graded Schools. But we must not tarry long, even there, for our visit would not be complete without a "peep" at our girls in Winston-Salem. Mary Wiley, Rosylind Sheppard, Ethel Foust, Maud Miller, Bessie Howard, Marian Revelle and Mary Medearis, are all doing good work in the schools there.

Of course we see our Greensboro girls often, and always welcome them to their Alma Mater when they call, while they in turn make us feel at home wherever we meet them in the city.

Eliza Williams, Mary Tinnin, Rosa Abbott, Elsie Weatherly, Mary Applewhite, Cora Cox, Annie Michaux, Annie May Pittman, Jessie Whitaker and Mary M. McMillan are teaching in the city schools.

Laura H. Coit, Bertha M. Lee, Nettie Allen, Nellie Bond, Julia Dameron and Minnie Jamison are members of our own faculty.

Lucy Coffin, who has been teaching in Greensboro for some time, was married February 20th, to Mr. W. G. Ragsdale, of Jamestown, N. C., and resides in that place. We extend our best wishes for success and happiness.

Our time for pleasure is now at an end, and although we have not seen half of our girls who are teaching in this part of the State, we must return to our work, and our next visit will be to our eastern girls. So look out for us, girls, and have things in order when we arrive.

EXCHANGES.

FLORENCE MAYERBERG, Editor.

In *The Trinity Archive*, the article which appealed most to us is that of the Exchange editor in regard to the classes of college magazines with which he comes in contact. Truly, it is disheartening to find so little good material among our college periodicals. That there is nothing new under the sun is true, but is this sufficient reason for making the old so very old? We refer to the article on the "Race Problem" and "Anarchy" which, even at this late date, are still coming out in our exchanges. We refer, also to the inane love story. This is indigenous to nearly all college magazines and blooms perennially. That love stories will occur and will be written about is inevitable, but why should all of them be made up of the same sweetly painful thrills and abound in the same hyperbolical not to say diabolical scenes? We confess that to answer this is beyond our power.

The Wake Forest Student for February contains a strong article—"A New South in a New Century." The fiction in this number—with one exception—is better than usual. "A Marriage Among The Four Hundred" is most sensational in style and savors of Laura Jean Libbey.

It is with a sense of relief that we find *The University of Virginia Magazine* in the pile of our exchanges. However, the February number is not so good as the usual issue of this magazine. The University rejoices in a prolific writer. In this issue we notice three contributions from one gifted pen. We think it not wise to compel one person, although writing may be a pleasure to him, to bear all the burden. A division of honor—together with a division of labor—is often desirable. "Is Our Literary Center Moving Westward?" is the title of a noteworthy article in this issue. Much is

said to prove the strength of the West in fiction. The exchange editor—as viewed through his columns—appears to be weary of the world in general and of the exchanges in particular. Having some provocation, he is not altogether to blame.

The fiction in the last number of *The Buff and Blue* is particularly good. The Sophomores' Valentine is well written and is not a love story. *The Buff and Blue* is to be congratulated.

The way in which Current Events are gotten up in *The Erskinian* is to be commended. There is a conspicuous lack of fiction and poetry in this month's issue.

The two sonnets "Awakenings" and "Beginnings" in the March issue of *The Emerson College Magazine* are little gems.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

SALLIE P. TUCKER, Editor.

MAY.

Beautiful May is almost here,
The loveliest month of all the year—
With her come the pretty flowers,
Flowers that spring from April showers.

Sweet odors rise from pansy beds
As they silently lift their tiny heads ;
Some purple, some yellow, and some blue,
While others partake of every hue.

Across the meadow and over the hill ;
We get a glimpse of the dancing rill.
Close by it grow the violets blue,
And daisies nod in the sunlight too.

But sweetest of all are the balmy air,
And the caroling bird with never a care.
All day long he sits and sings.
Sings of higher and better things.

Perhaps of heaven and things above,
Where all is joy and peace and love.
Let us pause and listen to the warbling notes
That pour from scores of the tiny throats.

ROCHE MICHAUX, '05.

Miss Selma Webb, captain of the champion Basket Ball team,
grows poetical and exhorts her men in verse.

Girls, we must practice every day;
For in the long run it will surely pay.
The Athletic Tournament comes in May.
And how the Fresh. and Soph. will play !
And the trophy cup be won by those
Who that day make most skilful " throws."

A wise Sophomore, judging from the appearance of her notebooks, says that most of the faculty are very fond of red. We hear of another, who went around looking for the registrar, saying she was about to freeze.

Evidently the Freshman had been reading the harsh criticisms of "When Knighthood Was in Flower" in the magazines and agreed with them. Although the professional critics have long since found other prey, still she could not refrain from giving a last fling before it was forgotten entirely. This we infer from reading a paper she handed in on English, which contained a list of books she had read, and among these was "When night hood was in flower." This might have been ignorance, but we suppose (?) it to have been another criticism. If the last, it seems that she might have let her imagination run a little farther and said, "When night hood was in *flour*."

TRIALS OF A FRESHMAN.

Are we always making mistakes, Seniors?

For it seems you love to write,
In the College magazine, Seniors,
Things that you think so bright.
Now, don't you?

You wonder why we weep, Seniors,
And why we stay alone.
You know we have a cause, Seniors,
Or else we would not mourn.
Now, would we?

It seems that it's hardly fair, Seniors,
When we try as hard as you.
You should laugh and make such fun, Seniors,
When we don't know how to do.
Now, does it?

Now in the days to come, Seniors.
When we have climbed the height
We'll remember our first year at College,
And treat the Freshmen right.
Now, won't we?

G. TOMLINSON and M. FOLLIN.

"My love for you is all in vain,"
Her trembling suitor cried.
The blushing maiden hung her head
As she stood there by his side.

"I'd rather not be loved in vain,"
This blushing maiden said.
"Won't you love me in Greensboro,
If you please, kind sir, instead?"

B. M. A., '03.

Practice school boy, reading, comes to the word "err." "Now, Johnnie," says the teacher, "what does that word mean?" "Why, Johnnie," she exclaims, when he shakes his head, "don't you remember that verse in the Bible, 'To err, is human, to forgive, divine?'"

By this time, since we have had so many mass-meetings of the students recently, the Freshmen know the term. The first that we had, however, carried consternation to the heart of one of that body. She went in great distress to a Senior friend. "F——, are you going to cut up your nice sheets and pillow cases to wear to that mask meeting?" The Senior's explanation that it was a mass-meeting, and not a mask meeting, set her mind at rest.

THE NEW PROFESSOR.

(*Mr. Claxton*).

This is the Normal teacher of Ped.,
Who now to Tennessee has fled,
To broaden the teachers' work, he said.

(*Mr. J. I. Foust, formerly Supt. in Goldsboro*).

This is the man whom we have brought
To teach us as we should be taught,
Who finds that we remember naught
Of all the things Mr. Claxton wrought—
The self-same Normal teacher of Ped.,
Who now to Tennessee has fled
To broaden the teachers' work, he said.

(*Mr. Tom Foust, formerly Supt. in New Bern*).

This is the man from New Berne town,
Who wears Goldsboro's superintendent gown,
Left by the one whom we had brought
To teach us as we should be taught,
Who finds that we remember naught
Of all the things Mr. Claxton wrought,
The self-same Normal teacher of Ped.,
Who now to Tennessee has fled
To broaden the teachers' work, he said.

(——— ——— ———).

These are the others in the race
Each, one by one, doth change his place.
The one to New Berne, who is out,
Because their man had changed about,
To fill the place Mr. Foust had left
To come to the Normal, then bereft,
Who finds that we remember naught
Of all the things Mr. Claxton wrought,
The self-same Normal teacher of Ped.,
Who now to Tennessee has fled
To broaden the teacher's work he said.

(*The new Professors created to fill the vacancy at the end of the line*).

This is the new Professor, evolved,
By blank necessity resolved,
To fill the place the last one left
To take some other place bereft
Of him, who took another's place
Who'd left there to take up the race
Begun by the Normal teacher of Ped.,
Who now to Tennessee has fled
To broaden the teacher's work he said.

S. P. T., '02.

One of our Freshmen has coined a new word. Evidently her mind was on money matters, for she went around here asking what was going to be the price of the *tencennial* volume. The Decennial editors could give her the desired information.

EDITORIALS.

To the alumnæ, all former students, and friends
Our Decennial of this Institution who may be interested in its
Volume. past history and future welfare, we wish to say a
few words regarding the publication, which is to
be issued at the close of the present term.

Since this is the tenth year in the history of the State Normal and Industrial College, the faculty and student body have thought it fitting to publish a short history of its work and remarkable progress along every line since its establishment in 1892.

It is to be called THE DECENNIAL VOLUME OF THE STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE OF NORTH CAROLINA. It is to be dedicated to him who has done most for the education of the women of North Carolina; who, at a time when the State had no thought of the educational need of her daughters, by his eloquent appeals and indomitable energy, roused the spirits of the people of our State, and made the founding of this institution a possibility; who is not only the founder of the institution, but, as its President has consecrated his great powers of intellect and will to promote its interest, and the cause of education everywhere; to our President, Dr. Charles D. McIver.

Some of the interesting features will be the history of the College, with photographs, both exterior and interior views, showing the growth of the buildings. Each department of work, together with the societies, classes, and associations will be represented; and photographs of the faculty, classes, basket ball teams, glee club, orchestra, board of editors of the STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE, and of THE DECENNIAL, will make it very interesting to all of us who are here now, as well as to many former students and friends of the College. Our good cook, Uncle Henderson, and janitor, Zeke, who have served us so faithfully for many years, will also be given places in our history.

The volume will be ready for sale by Commencement, at which time we hope to have a reunion of all alumnæ and former students who can attend. We are sure that many will come, and to those who cannot we would say that the next best thing will be to send for a copy of *THE DECENNIAL*. But we hope that many will be able to do both,—come, and get *THE DECENNIAL* while you are here.

D. L. R.

During the past week our students have formed a new organization—the Woman's Association for the Betterment of Public School Houses in North Carolina. The name is rather lengthy—it is none too long, however—for a large movement which will accomplish far-reaching results.

The object of this Association is to unite the women citizens of North Carolina for the purpose of awakening their interest in the improvement of public school houses in our State. It will undertake to establish local associations in every county in the State. Through these it will endeavor to interest a volunteer association in the neighborhood of every public school-house, which will help to beautify the premises by planting trees, and flowers, placing pictures on the walls or otherwise improving the environment of our future citizens.

The plan of the Association is to organize the State by counties. Each county is to have a president and each of the ten congressional districts is to have its president, who will be a medium of communication between the county organizations in her district and the central organization. The seat of the central organization will be at Greensboro, N. C.

It is in this way that our students plan to make an improvement in the surroundings of the youth of our State—an improvement which will uplift the Old North State to a higher plane than she has yet known.

F. M.

The movement now on foot to erect a monument in memory of Sir Walter Raleigh is a laudable one and deserves our consideration. We can not give our pennies to a greater undertaking. To Raleigh, as North Carolinians are beginning to learn, is due much love and gratitude from the people of the State he tried to found. Of all those who tried to colonize America, he is the greatest because the aim of his work was higher and nobler. Others came, urged on by greed of gold, mere adventurers; or they came to escape religious persecution. Raleigh looked to the establishment of a colony of English subjects with the rights and privileges of Englishmen, to found another England in the new country. Such was the aim for which he nobly labored, hindered by the same selfishness and indifference, which caused the failure of his work and in the end brought him to the scaffold. It is fitting that North Carolina shall show her recognition of this by the erection of this monument.

Though Raleigh lives and will always live in the memory of the people, yet this will be an object lesson to posterity. We must leave something imperishable; engrave our records on stone, so that centuries hence, when we no longer are remembered, "the pyramids" that we have built shall look down upon the people and be an everlasting record and object lesson. Narrowness and calculating personal gain will have no hand in this. No one need ask if this will bring in any dividend to him individually. That is not the aim. It is not only a duty but even a privilege to give what we can for love of our native State. The poet was right, when he wrote those beautiful lines:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
This is my own, my native land."

Like the poet, I think he has missed one of the sweetest things in life, who knows not love for his country. Not the dormant love which, when a hurricane comes, will be fanned into flame, but a

living love and reverence for his native state, one that inspires to noble and unselfish action for her sake, a love that glories in her greatness and laments her weakness.

This cause is worthy of our best efforts, for it will add to the enriching of our State. Let us unite in it and posterity will see and be inspired to greater effort by what we shall have done.

S. P. T.

A Romance of the White Man's Burden. 1865-
The Leopard's Spots. 1900. Thomas Dixon, Jr. Illustrated by C. D. Williams. New York, Doubleday, Page & Co., 1902.

The story begins on the field of Appomattox where General Lee, under the advancing shadow of defeat, has almost bowed in despair, when, suddenly, the martial spirit within him is aroused by the tread of disciplined troops. It is Cox's North Carolina brigade. The great man lifts his hat and says: "God bless old North Carolina."

From this, the first page, to the last, where the scene is in the Governor's home at Raleigh, the book overflows with interest to North Carolinians. It is a bit of history which our northern friends and kinsmen should read with care.

The action is in North Carolina when she was under the rule of the carpet-bagger, the scalawag and the negro; when she cleansed her legislative and judicial halls of that offal; when, a second time, negro rule well-nigh devastated our eastern counties; and when again our true citizens asserted themselves in the overthrow of that ghastly regime.

The reader who can recall from memory or from books, the events of the past thirty-five years, will have brought before him many familiar scenes and characters. The home-coming of the ragged, hungry soldier; heaps of ashes where homes had stood; vacant chairs in other homes; the reunion of lovers; the many faithful and the few base negroes; the Union League; the Ku Klux

Klan; the helpless old aristocrat in his rage; the unreconstructed Southern woman; the wily stranger come like a vulture to prey upon the carcass of the dead Confederacy; all are here depicted with no faltering hand.

The garish painting of crime and of its swift punishment by the people, revolts while it convinces the reader that the world should know, as newspapers abroad do not tell, how the very core of our life as a people was probed.

The time is too near in the past to publish a key to names, but we see likenesses in the Governor, Amos Hogg; the Judge, Preston Rivers; the political machine boss, Allan McLeod.

The hero, Charles Gaston, is said to represent our present Governor. What we see is a composite of Bryan, of A. M. Waddell and of Aycock. Gaston is influenced, though not dominated by Dr. Durham, whose prototype, we are told, is Dr. Huffham, a Baptist preacher, well known in North Carolina.

The love story is full of interest, in spite of a too lavish display of affection, but the hero and heroine do fairly typify the spirit of our people. He is modest, courageous and full of the fire that warms the patriot's heart. She is womanly, obedient to the laws of her forefathers concerning woman's place, but she is dauntless and as fearless as her lover, when oppression, even at her father's hand, touches her peculiar rights.

As literature, the book has not the artistic quality of "Red Rock" or the subtle cutting quality of "A Fool's Errand," both dealing with the same period, but as a presentation of times and men which were strenuous—not to say brutal—it has no superior. Though Zola is not more realistic, George Elliot is not stronger in the impress upon the reader's memory.

Gleanings From Nature. "Gleanings from Nature" by Eva M. Carter. Illustrated by the author. The Abbey Press, publishers, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The above is the title of the daintiest little

book, which has recently come to our knowledge. As a study from nature for children it will satisfy the art-loving and beauty-loving mother or teacher. It will be a delight to the little folks since they are lead by the hand of this young Priestess of Nature to haunts of wood and glen where they may see the flowers, hear the birds and insects, feel the air and sunshine and love and be glad in it all because Mother Nature welcomes them to her holy of holies. This young authoress has not only made art and literature for children which is sweet and wholesome, but she has done better even than that. She sends her book out as an illustration of what a young girl may do when she goes out to the woods and fields and highways for her lessons in art. She has inspired more than one young sister to struggle to the light and to hope for achievement. She is a North Carolina girl and is probably the first one in our State to try her powers so young. The NORMAL MAGAZINE bids her God speed on the road to continued success.

The College Faculty, students, employees of every **Dr. Gove.** grade welcomed with enthusiasm Dr. Anna M. Gove, when she came to spend Easter in our midst. It is two years since she left us, and that is a long time in the changing kaleidoscopic life of a college, but no one has grown lukewarm in memories of our dear Doctor. For six years she had gone in and out among us carrying healing in her satchel and cheer in her voice and manner. Not only the skill of a wise physician but the charm of a tender woman brings to her the admiration and the affection of her pupils, patients and co-laborers. Dr. Gove is now a member of the Faculty of Vassar. Though amid her native surroundings, we believe that her heart turns to Dixie and we still claim her as our very own.

But little more than one month is to pass **Commencement.** before we shall be in the whirl of Commencement activity. Our college will celebrate her

decennial by laying the corner-stone of the handsome Students Building which has been the beautiful castle in the air of several generations of student-life. The Commencement orator will be United States Senator Edward W. Carmack, of Tennessee. Mr. Carmack has served two terms in the House of Representatives at Washington, and has for some years been an acknowledged leader in politics in his State. He is young, being but forty-two years old, and it is predicted of him that he will become one of the leaders of men in the nation. Other speakers of note will be with us. A large graduating class, the Alumnæ Meeting, the banquet, and other features will make the decennial commencement one of unusual interest.

The recent educational rally held in Greensboro was an event of importance throughout the State because it is the first of a series which will fill the State with action and effort in behalf of the public schools. Glittering generalities of politicians about the welfare of the people will no longer suffice. Men must do as well as say, for—little by little, the people are being quickened with the spirit for which Dr. McIver and others have been pleading for twelve years—the spirit which will compel a father to tax himself for the education of his children. The action of this meeting in Greensboro is too well known throughout the State to need rehearsal here.

The four thousand dollars given to the county of Guilford from the General Education Board is probably the first donation made by that body. The establishment of this Board is of national importance, since it is an epoch in the relations between the North and the South. Men of both sections have united for the purpose of promoting education in the South. Our leaders not only recognize our need, but they recognize our inability to meet that need. Resulting from this community of purpose is the General Education Board which begins its work with more than \$1,000,000. This fund is to be spent when and where it is needed. Of it *The*

Outlook says: "It has a comprehensive plan, a business-like organization, definite knowledge, and the hearty co-operation of the most enlightened leaders of education in the South of each race; and it will work with a double aim—(1) so to direct help as to build up self-help, and (2) to secure help in an even more generous measure than it has been given hitherto towards this great national and patriotic duty."

MARSHALS:

Assistants:

ADELPHIANS.

CARRIE SPARGER,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Surry County.
VIRGINIA NEWBY,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Perquimans County.
CATHERINE PACE,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Wilson County.
FANNIE MOSELEY,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Pitt County.
FLORENCE MAYERBERG,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Wayne County.

CORNELIANS.

MARY SCOTT MONROE,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Wayne County.
ELIZA AUSTIN,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Edgecombe County.
CORA ASBURY,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Burke County.
FANNIE COLE,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Granville County.
ELISE STAMPS,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Wake County.

CHRISTINA SNYDER, President.

ALMA PITTMAN,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President.
NETTIE PARKER,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Corresponding Secretary.
EVELYN ROYAL,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Recording Secretary.
NEITA WATSON,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer.

SENIOR CLASS.

President	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	LULA NOEL.
Vice-President	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	IDA COWAN.
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	CORA STOCKTON.
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MINNIE FIELD.
Historian	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	ANNETTE MORTON.
Poet	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	CARRIE SPARGER.
Prophet	-	-	-	.	-			FLORENCE MAYERBERG.

JUNIOR CLASS.

President	-	-	-	-	-	-	BERTA MAY ALBRIGHT.
Vice-President	-	-	-	-	-	-	IDA HANKINS
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	-	DAISY MASSEY.
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	-	MYRTLE DETWILER.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

President	-	-	-	-	-	-	NATHALIE SMITH.
Vice-President	-	-	-	-	-	-	BESSIE CROWELL.
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	-	MARIE BUYERS.
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	-	NORA KING.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

President	-	-	-	-	-	-	LELIA A. STYRON.
Vice-President	-	-	-	-	-	-	MARGARET CASTEX.
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	-	REBEKAH WARLICK.
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	-	ELIZABETH POWELL.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President	-	-	-	-	-	-	NETTIE LEETE. PARKER.
Vice-President, Senior	-	-	-	-	-	-	LILA AUSTIN.
“ “ Junior	-	-	-	-	-	-	MARY BRIDGERS.
“ “ Sophomore	-	-	-	-	-	-	CATHERINE NASH.
“ “ Freshman	-	-	-	-	-	-	MARGARET CASTEX
Secretary,	-	-	-	-	-	-	NATHALIE SMITH.
Treasurer,	-	-	-	-	-	-	SUSIE WILLIAMS.

BASKET BALL TEAM.

Captain	-	-	-	-	-	-	SELMA WEBB.
Goal-Keeper	-	-	-	-	-	-	BESSIE CROWELL.
Goal-Guard	-	-	-	-	-	-	KATE NASH.
Field Man, (Forward)	-	-	-	-	-	-	DAPHNE CARRA WAY
“ “ (Back)	-	-	-	-	-	-	ANNIE KIZER.
Referee	-	-	-	-	-	-	MARY I. WARD